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Colours: Saxe, Pink, Helio, Rust, Lemon, Brown, Black, Navy.

Sizes: 13½, 14, 14½, 15.

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This dainty garment is an exact copy of a recent Paris model, and is made by our own workers from rich quality crepe de chine and is suitable for day or evening wear.

DAINTY CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de chine, an exact copy of a French model. Bodice trimmed with effective picot edged cream net, and skirt to match finished with hemstitching. In Pink, Sky, Mauve, Ivory, Black, Yellow, Coral.

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The introduction of the Ambedia Back Puff means that women will no longer have to rely on the assistance of a maid or a friend. *By its aid the back and shoulders are brought within easy powder range.*

THE AMBEDIA BACK PUFF

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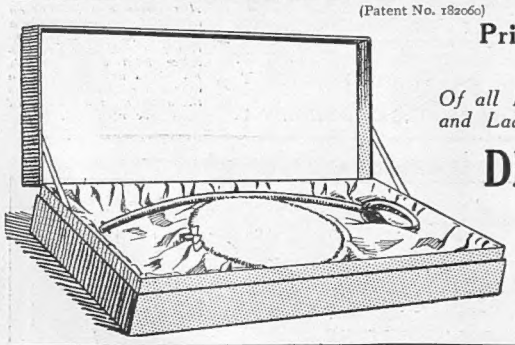

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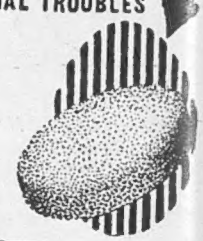

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A distinguished belted Overcoat available in choice ranges of Tweeds, Naps, Fleeces and other Coatings.

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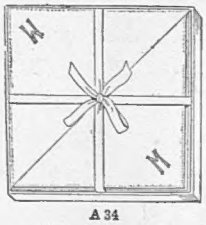

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Coloured Linen Handkerchiefs. Hand embroidered black initial. Boxed in half dozens, assorted colours of Pink, Sky, Saxe, Mauve, Canary, Gold.
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Fine Linen Handkerchief one row veining, edged good reproduction of filet lace.
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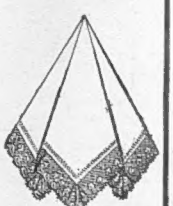

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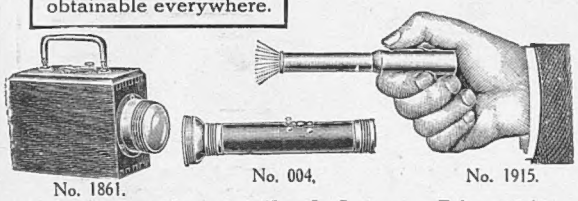

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***Needle Book** in rich brocade.*

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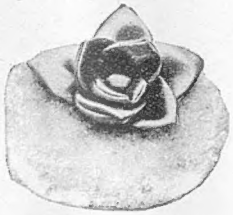

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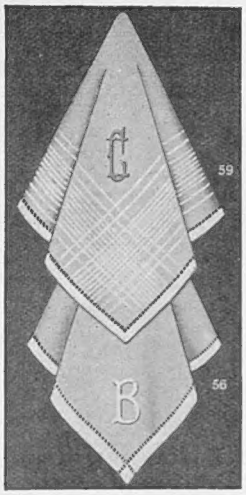

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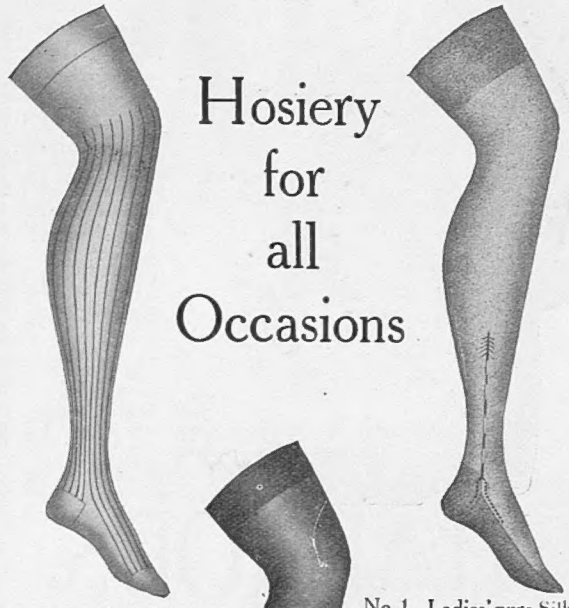

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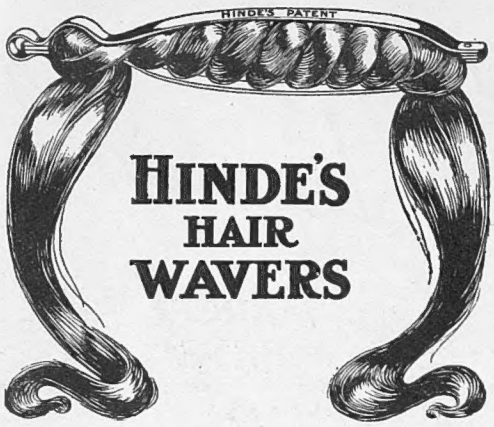

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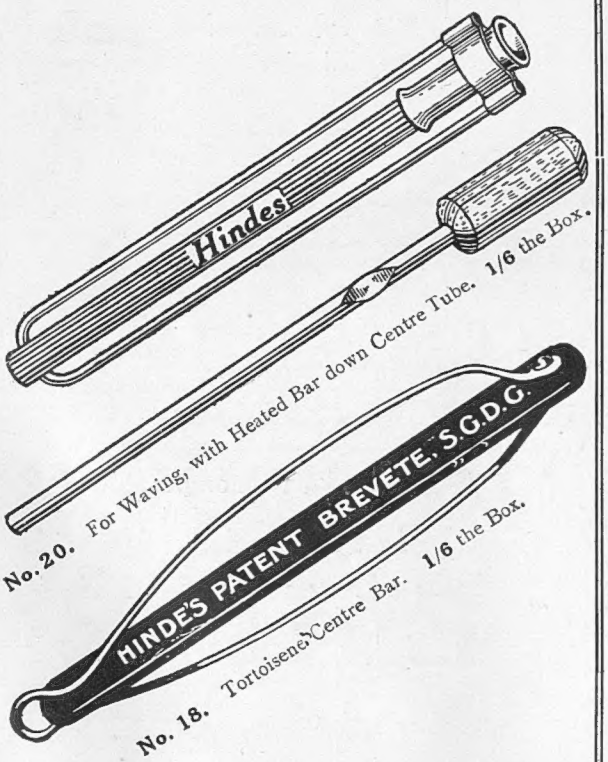
" Nature alone won't wave the Hair, Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."



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TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d.

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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Knitted Sports Jumper *(as sketch), exclusive to Harvey Nichols, made of best quality wool, in an entirely new fancy knitting of a Norwegian pattern in contrasting colours. Very attractive yet practical Jumper for Winter sports or general wear. Can be worn open at neck if desired.*

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Same Jumper with V neck 94/6

New Booklet Winter Sports, &c.

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IDEAL XMAS PRESENTS

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Oak reading lamp, fitted for electric 10 inch silk shade, lined White and trimmed Gold galon. All colours.

21/- complete.

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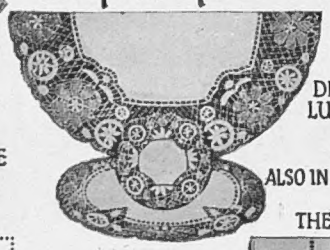

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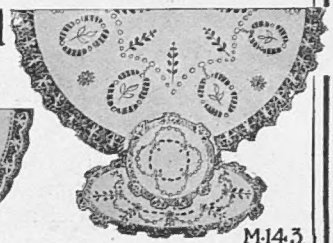

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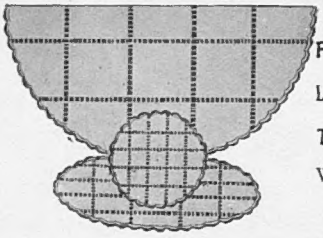

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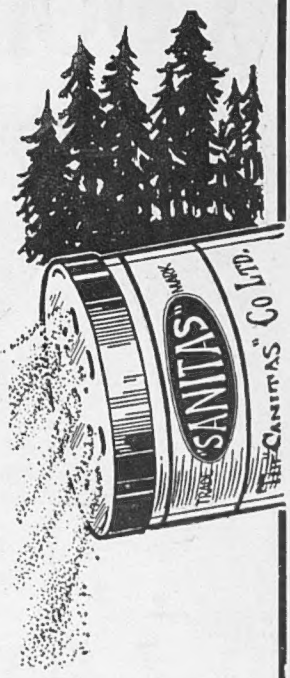

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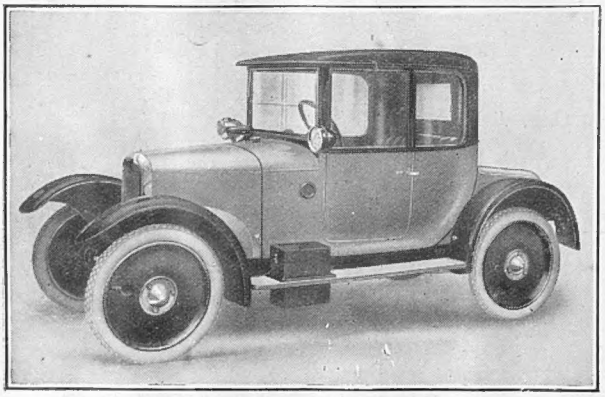

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The Bystander, November 29, 1922 No. 991. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY E. T. REED

THE DISGRUNTLED "SON-OF-TOIL"

HORNY-HANDED RAMSAY M.: "I shall take good care there's plenty of barbed-wire about for you, gentlemen! You know—'the duty of an Opposition is to oppose'—and don't you forget it!"

BONAR (the new "Master"): "Oh, quite so! It is also the duty of a Government to govern—I may have to remind *you* of *that* fact from time to time!" (THE HORSE: "Bravo, Bonar!")

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FROM THE PUBLISHER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C. 4

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That Riviera Number

I SHOULD like to acknowledge personally the congratulations received on our Riviera Number, but the bulk of my correspondence makes it quite impossible. Our little effort to do "something different" seems to have touched the imagination of readers, and everybody is asking us to repeat the experiment. "Why not hire one of the Pyramids," asks one enthusiast, "and turn it into a printing office?" "Come down here and discover the English Riviera," writes a Cornish reader. There is also an invitation to spend a week in Wigan, but as the envelope bears a London postmark we doubt the *bona fides* of the sender.

A Week at Wigan

CAN you tell me why the excellent town of Wigan has become one of our national jokes? A music-hall comedian has only to mention the name and the entire house rocks with merriment. During an entertainment on the Western Front one member of the concert-party invited another to meet him on Wigan Pier. I didn't know that Wigan had a pier. And now THE BYSTANDER is invited to spend a week at Wigan. What does it all mean? Why Wigan?

The Corner Seat

THE new Parliament seems to have got going to everybody's satisfaction. The Conservatives have their majority; Labour has secured the return of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; Comrade Newbold has promised to "smash all this"; and Mr. Lloyd George holds that strategic position—the corner seat on the front bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. No little history has been made in that corner seat, and there is more to follow.

Beautiful Fogs

THE Americans are determined to rob us of everything that makes life most worth living. Their latest effort is to steal our beautiful fogs which recently descended on London and turned the Thames into a dream of misty loveliness. It would take a real poet to do justice to the lights of the Embankment when a real "London particular" is driving up the river, and I am certain that we should regret its passing even though it does make us late for the office on a Monday morning. The alternative is a coat of oil placed on the surface of the water to prevent evaporation. Horrible!

"Silly Fools!"

MY sympathies are with those Richmond magistrates who paid the fine of an ex-soldier charged with drunkenness. When this gallant fellow left the Court his only remark was, "Those silly fools. I don't want their money." A week or so later, another ex-soldier came along with an equally plausible story, but he was too late.

The wells of pity had been poisoned by the impostor, and when he appealed to the generous sympathies of "those silly fools," there was nothing doing. I'm not vindictive, but I hope the blackguard who turned on the good Samaritans of Richmond will come to a sticky end.

Safety First

WHAT has become of those excellent people who tried to save our lives by telling us that the right side of the pavement was the wrong side to walk on. I ask the question because I want to write and tell them that they were quite right, and that I was quite wrong to disregard their warning. You will have guessed that I have been trying to push a bus over. The incident having converted me, I propose to join the Safety First movement, and to give it the benefit of my priceless pen. What about a few cautionary captions as under?

G is for Gutter—a kind of a groove—
You land there when leaving a bus on the move.
R is for Refuge you find in the Strand—
An island of concrete surrounded by land.
Y is for Yorick, of infinite jest—
He walked on the right, so of course he went west.

By Victor Hicks

AN UGLY WEED

Those Wicked Fillums

MY congratulations to the Blackpool Superintendent of Police who has at last said a good word for the wicked fillums. This wise man held that theatres and cinemas act as crime-deterrents because the villain always gets it in the neck before the final fall of the curtain. Viewed from this standpoint, all melodramas are really morality plays, for no melodrama would run a week unless virtue were allowed to triumph over vice and the hero got the girl in the fifteenth and final act. And you have probably noticed that what we call a happy ending is really a moral ending. Splendid!

A Mug's Game—For Mugs

MR. JUSTICE SARGANT seems to be more worldly, and therefore better informed, than some of his learned brethren on the Bench. In his Court, the other day, a K.C. tried to establish the fact that nobody ever got a living by betting, but the Judge wasn't so sure. And the Judge was right. The bookmakers have been squealing for some time past, and yet they have all the ill-informed, foolish mass of backers to depend on. Betting is a mug's game—for mugs, but there are plenty of professional backers who can be depended upon to beat the book.

A Clever Young Man

I WONDER if the enthusiastic reception accorded Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* will have softened the author's views on English readers and reviewers. He said some very terse things about us when he found that our reading public still read tales of the wild and woolly West when they might have been spending their long winter evenings with *Main Street*, his earlier work. Mr. Lewis is a clever young man, and, like other clever young men, he should learn — has probably learned by this time—that there is nothing to be gained by trying to bustle your public. If you keep pegging on, they will learn all about you in time, and go back to look for the things they have missed.

A Word of Warning

WE are taught that politeness pays, but I have been rather shaken in that belief. A gentleman who had decamped with someone else's money, rang up the police to tell them he was ready to come along quietly if they cared to call any afternoon between the hours of three and five. Personally, I think it was rather nice of him, and I should probably have dismissed the prosecution with a caution if the case had been tried in my court. It wasn't, however, and so the polite person had to go to prison for two months. In future, he won't attach so much importance to these hackneyed old *clichés* which should never be taken at their face value.

Golfing Hospitals

IN his jolly little book, aptly titled *A Friendly Round*, Mr. Bernard Darwin half-humorously suggests that easy courses, with no rough to speak of, should be scattered about the country and used as "golfing hospitals." He elaborates his idea by saying that "when we were in a very bad way indeed, so cowed and shaken by the heather that we simply dare not hit at the ball, we could go golfingly sick and be transplanted for a week to a lovely course on the downs with never a hazard in sight. Gradually we should revive . . . then we should be moved to a convalescent course with just a few bunkers. . . . Finally, our cure completed, we should reluctantly have to report for duty again at our Sunningdales or Wokings or Walton Heaths."

NOT A REST, BUT A WRESTLING

By Victor Hicks

Further Ideas

I MUST say, Mr. Darwin's idea appeals to me immensely, and, if he ever carries his point, I propose to be a chronic invalid. But why stop at a course

from which bunkers have been eliminated? Some gallant souls meet their Waterloo on the tee and on the green. Why not allow us to drive off with a ball as big as a pumpkin? And, why not enlarge the little hole on the putting green which so many golfers find entirely inadequate? We are making a move in the right direction, but the first step should surely be to give us something we *can* hit.

"CHOCOLATE-*DROPS!*" By Squire

Justice While You Wait

Our London magistrates are wonderful men, their position permitting them to take a very human point of view. Thus, Mr. Forbes Lankester told a man who had struck a boy for touching a model yacht, that he was "a churlish, ill-tempered fellow," while, at the same sitting, he discharged a girl who was said to have annoyed men by stopping them. Asked how he knew the men objected, the constable replied that they looked annoyed. Whereupon the magistrate observed that "some men go about always with a look of annoyance on their faces." Too true!

A Way Out

A young gentleman committed suicide by electrocuting himself with the electric light. The idea is an ingenious one and should appeal to telephone subscribers as providing a way out of their troubles. How useful, when you have been given six wrong numbers in succession, to be able to put yourself out of your misery in this way. When the young lady did eventually say "Number engaged. Shall I call you?" she would be met with a soft and soothing silence, for your weary spirit would have found rest.

A Fine Finish

A day or two ago I met a clever young man who thinks he is more clever than he actually is. He is by way of being a writer, and he has a theory that established authors are not worth a row of pins. He deals in literary oddments which he calls "Fragments"—not *Fragments from France* I hasten to add—but bits of writing having no beginning and no end. Although he is still quite young, he has discovered that the easy part of an article is the middle part, and so he begins and ends—in the middle. My only comment was to hand that young man an essay by Chesterton which has this fine finish: "All around us is the city of small sins, abounding in backways and retreats, but surely, sooner or later, the towering flame will rise from the harbour announcing that the reign of the cowards is over, and a man is burning his ships."

Please Note!

In The Bystander Annual (on sale in a day or two, better order now) there is a special title competition asking you to supply witty conversations—quite short—to two of Bateman's drawings. On that page we also announce that subsequent drawings completing a set of six untitled pictures will appear in our issues of November 29 and December 6. Owing to pressure of space this has now been altered to December 6 and December 13.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

THE ROYAL OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE STATE COACH ENTERING WHITEHALL FROM THE HORSE GUARDS

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Opening of Parliament: Impressions of a Peeress

THE Marquis of Lincolnshire, who is the Lord Great Chamberlain for this reign, has never had so many applications from peeresses to attend the opening of a Parliament as for the ceremony last week.

The Lord Great Chamberlain must not be confused with the Lord Chamberlain. His functions apply only to coronations and the House of Lords. Lord Lincolnshire and the Earl of Ancaster are both Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain (it sounds like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan), and as they each have equal claim and can't be Lords Great Chamberlain both together, a sort of Judgment of Solomon was devised by which they and their descendants take the duties in alternate reigns.

A peeress, who had not attended an opening of Parliament before, told me it was the most impressive scene she had ever witnessed. "I don't think anyone can realise what the Constitution of England, what the majesty of England stands for, until they have seen the King of England wearing his crown, and surrounded and invested with all the panoply of State opening Parliament. From the time the King and Queen entered it was all over in a few minutes. But as I looked at the King in his Royal robes and crown, and at the Queen, a beautiful, stately figure, blazing with diamonds—some of them the gift of Overseas Dominions—I suddenly realised that it all stood for our heritage of nearly a thousand years, broken only once by Cromwell. For nearly a thousand years it has stood as the apex of our national life. Break it and you have—what?

"Do you know, I ever realised before the *continuity* of our Monarchy, and all the safeguards that continuity means?"

Photograph *Photopress*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

In the uniform of a naval captain the Prince attended the opening of the new Conservative-Labour Parliament

Photograph *G.P.U.*

A SMILING SOVEREIGN

Her Majesty leaving the Palace for the House of Lords last week

The Government and the Court

UNLESS my history-books deceive me, you will have to go back to the reign of George III for a parallel to the present circumstance in the Royal Household. For the first time for some hundred and fifty years a change of Government has not meant an entire departure of those members of the Sovereign's household whose appointments are not political. The reason is the word Coalition.

There are fourteen political appointments, and because Mr. Lloyd George's Government was Coalition only eight changes have been made. Lord Cromer succeeds the Duke of Atholl as Lord Chamberlain, Lord Shaftesbury takes Lord Farquhar's place as Lord Steward, Colonel G. A. Gibbs, M.P., and Major H. Barnston, M.P.,

follow Commander Eyre Monsell and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George Stanley as Treasurer and Controller of the Household, Captain Douglas Hacking, M.P., becomes Vice-Chamberlain in place of Mr. William Dudley Ward, and Lord Chesterfield makes room for Lord Bath as Master of the Horse.

The King keeps four out of the six Lords-in-Waiting — Lord Bradford, Lord Valentia, Lord Somerleyton, and Lord Lucan. Lord Malmesbury and Lord Albemarle take the places of Lord Stanmore and Lord Clarendon, but the latter, although he goes out of waiting, takes the political appointment of Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Lord Hylton remains Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, also a political appointment.

The new Lord Chamberlain and the new Lord Steward already have an intimate connection with the Court. Lord Cromer, who is an unusually young Lord Chamberlain, was an equerry and assistant private secretary to the King for four years. His wife is a daughter of the Countess of Minto, a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, and one of her most devoted friends.

Lord Shaftesbury was Chamberlain to the Queen whilst she was Princess of Wales, and has been Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain since her accession. His wife is an extra Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. Apparently, it has not yet been decided whether the Queen will appoint a new Lord Chamberlain or whether Lord Shaftesbury will combine the duties of that office, which are purely ceremonial, with the labours of Lord Steward of the King's Household.

One of the two new Lords-in-Waiting, Lord Albemarle, is a brother of Sir Derek Keppel, who has been continuously in the King's service for nearly thirty years, and is now Master of the Household. Sir Derek married a daughter of the late Lord Suffield, one of King Edward's most intimate friends, his Lord of the Bedchamber when he was Prince of Wales, and permanent Lord-in-Waiting when he became King. The service of Lady Keppel's father and husband to the Court added together cover more than seventy years, for Lord Suffield was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria as far back as 1868.

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SALISBURY

The Earl is Lord President of the Council and Deputy Leader of the House of Lords

A Big Beginning

PRINCESS LOUISE and Princess Beatrice occupied adjoining boxes for the first performance in London of Adrian Beecham's opera, *The Merchant of Venice*, at the Duke of York's, and scattered about through the house

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

CECILY VISCOUNTESS MOUNTGARRET WALKING FROM HER CAR TO THE LORDS

were the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke of Newcastle, and the Spanish Ambassador and Madame Merry del Val, with numbers of other well-known folk. It is a marvellous production for a boy of only eighteen, and aroused the deepest interest, but, as a great lady said in one of the *entr'actes*, "He is not Mozart."

The Merchant of Venice is vibrant with primitive passions, racial hate, revenge, subtleties of feminine coquetry, and love. These cannot be adequately expressed in simple themes of music. But it is a big beginning for so young a composer.

A Repetition of History

AND so we have a new political hostess, and in an old political setting. Dukes in these days very

Photograph *L. N. A.*

PRISCILLA COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS

rarely succeed one another as tenants of the same house, and it was, therefore, an unusual occurrence when the Duke of Sutherland acquired Hampden House in Green Street, from the Duke of Abercorn.

In the palmy days of the Unionist Party the late Duchess of Abercorn, the most stately of Duchesses, was its chief hostess, so history was only repeating itself when, on the eve of the opening of Parliament, the Duchess of

Photograph *Topical*

WHERE IS THAT CAR?

Lady Hillingdon, the wife of Baron Hillingdon, and Lord Pembroke at Westminster last week

Photograph *Sport and General*

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE

Miss M. Langdale at the L.K.A. Members Show, held at Tattersalls last week. The Japanese gentlemen are "Hakusai Nippon of Hove" and "Prince Naki-Poo of Hove," each of which won two firsts

Sutherland received a great gathering, bidden "To meet the Prime Minister," at the top of the same staircase.

Tiaras and orders were worn by every other woman and every other man, and it really was a political party, for one caught all sorts of snatches of talk on "affairs" from little groups gathered in corners.

The Duchess, who was a vision in glittering crystal and her high tiara, remained at the head of the staircase until very late. The flowers were gorgeous—huge banks of yellow chrysanthemums, pink begonias, and carnations.

This is the first time the Duchess of Sutherland has entertained politically on so large a scale—it would be interesting to know how many invitations were sent out. Now that the Duke is in the Cabinet—he is the Under-Secretary of the Air Ministry—her brilliant success of last week may inspire her to repeat it.

By the way, the Duke of Sutherland is the first of his name to be in the Cabinet, and he is the fifth holder of the title. His predecessors were so busy looking after their vast possessions that they had no time for politics or affairs of State. But, like most landlords to-day, the present Duke has relieved himself of many of his territorial responsibilities.

How He Lived

ON the night of the election one of our most famous *caravansérais* arranged to have a screen showing the results as they came in. The place was crowded, every table taken.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MRS. HELENA NORMANTON

One of our first lady barristers, who was called to the Bar very recently. She is married, but, as she is practising in the Divorce Court, she is retaining her maiden name of Normanton, with the prefix "Mrs"

In a corner were a group of peers who had been dining together, and, like everybody else, were sitting on for supper. It was noticed that they applauded and cheered vociferously whenever a Labour gain was shown on the screen.

A woman at a table near by commented upon this enthusiasm to her neighbour, singling out the most vociferous of these peers, who is married to the daughter of an extremely rich *industriel*, for some particularly caustic remarks.

"Don't you think you are rather hard on him?" her neighbour said. "You see, his debts were paid by labour, and he lives on labour."

Who shall say that wit is dead amongst us?

An Explanation

LAST week under the heading, "But why all this prattle?" I referred to the marriage of the Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackenzie, Lord Knollys' daughter, to Mr. Checkly. I made no comment—why should one? I only expressed surprise at the chatter and talk one heard everywhere about it, adding, "It happens frequently amongst peers' daughters, and nobody takes any notice of it." But my quotation of the old-fashioned phrase, "beneath her station," seems to have hurt both Mr. and Mrs. Checkley. I can only express my regret and assure them they have entirely misunderstood the paragraph. Every peer's daughter who marries a commoner, every Royal Princess who marries a non-Royal husband, marries "beneath her station." This was the reason why I was surprised by the amount of attention excited by Mr. and Mrs. Checkley's marriage.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

A NEW PORTRAIT

Of Lord Plunkett and Mrs. Jack Barnato, whose wedding is arranged for December 4 at St. Mary's Church, Denham. Mrs. Barnato is the widow of Capt. Jack Barnato, R.A.F. Lord Plunkett is in the Rifle Brigade

Photograph *Central News*

LORD HARROWBY'S SHOOT AT SANDON HALL

The Earl of Harrowby entertained a party for a two days' shoot after the turmoil of the General Election. Standing are: The Hon. A. D. Ryder, Major Fisher-Rowe, Mr. Colin Campbell, Lady Angela Campbell, Mr. Hambro, the Earl of Harrowby, Mrs. Fisher-Rowe, the Hon. E. A. D. Ryder, Lady Maud Ryder. Seated: Lady Francis Ryder, the Countess of Harrowby

The Riviera Week by Week

SILHOUETTES FROM MONTE CARLO AND NICE
BY H. L. OAKLEY

NEVER has so many British and American visitors arrived so early on the Riviera. At Nice yesterday I found about ninety guests—of many nations—many of them distinguished Generals, Admirals, Diplomats, etc., already installed at the popular Hôtel d'Angleterre, instead of about thirty-five at the same time last year. At tea at London House already many regular clients and quite a lot of fresh arrivals who were joyously greeting the ladies who run this corner of "Blighty" on their return to the sun.

MONTE CARLO is the first to start entertaining, and there are already many lunches, teas and gala dinner parties at the Café de Paris, etc.; Miss Bacon had a few friends to tea and bridge in her delightful flat with its precious pictures and *bric-à-brac*, among whom were: Mrs. Bignell, Mrs. Hobart Hampden, Mrs. Lathom Browne, Miss Neville, the Rev. Arthur Griffin, Lady Spearman, Mr. Horn, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Apcar, Mrs. Beith, Mrs. Fagan, Dr. Manuel, Mrs. Holland, Mme. Devot, Dr. Straus, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Miss Matheisen Smith, and Prince Mirza Kahn. Many came from Menton—a stronghold of bridge, where a third residential club has just been started, called the Riviera Bridge Club. You can have the best of everything for 40 frs. a day, I am told.

Photograph *Horn*

GOLF AT MONTE CARLO

The fairway of the 10th hole on the Mont Agel links. In the distance the Maritime Alps rise to a height of 10,000 feet

ALL Monaco society was at the marriage at St. Charles of charming Mlle. Germaine Marsan to Dr. Pierre Basile. The church was decorated and crammed as for a fête. The father of the bride—Dr. Marsan—represents one of the old families of Monaco. Many British and other friends of the lovely bride were present, as she was one of the most popular war-workers, and fond of tennis and open-air life. The luncheon and dance afterwards at the Hôtel de Paris was very gay, as was also the big dinner there on Armistice Day, and the gala dinner and ball at the Café de Paris. Cannon summoned all to the silent tribute to those who passed over in the War. Even the players and *croupiers* in the Casino stood in quaint silence. Well meant—it was rather a risky contact of the sublime with the ridiculous. Better to have closed the play that morning altogether.

AT Monte Carlo recently, among the guests of Mr. Montagu Barstow and the Baroness Orczy at tea were: Mme. Devot de Quillac (Gertrude Warden), Mr. and Miss Thorpe Wilson, Dr. Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Miss Victoria Campbell, Miss Sim, Earl and Countess of Mar, Mr. and Mrs. Copland, Major and Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Lofthouse, Mr. and Mrs. Chunn, Mr. and Mrs. Ralli, Mlle. Tourska, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Major and Mrs. Percy Chapman, Miss Lily Bacon, Mr. Galbraith Horn, Miss Mattheison Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Colonel and Mrs. Bignell.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

TO DANCE AT CIRO'S, MONTE CARLO

Samya and Sawyer who have been dancing here in London at Ciro's for the past month are packing their trunks for Monte Carlo where they will give their exhibition dances each evening

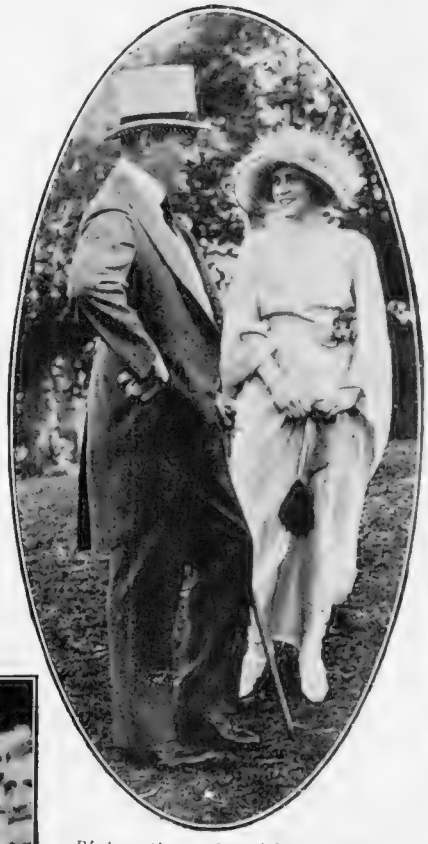
AIDED by their own labour of love Mr. Montagu Barstow and the Baroness have transformed the garden of the Villa Bijou completely. They have built pergolas, and introduced an ancient fountain. It might by starlight be a bit of the Boboli gardens. The old arch of the Porte Rouge at the gate is a mystery—a relic of an old convent probably. This corner of Monte, about 300 yards from the Casino, is so quiet and solitary that formerly it was a favourite dark corner for robbers, and said to be haunted by the ghosts of some murdered victims. Hence, of course, for many, the name of the "Bloody Gate." From the gardens you see the old Trophy of Augustus at La Turbie silhouetted against the *Grande Bleu* of the sky of the Troubadours. Why do the gifted *châtelains* not write a new *Decameron*, with a gathering of the story-tellers who love the romance and legends of this scene of ruthless wars, and the eternal verities of deathless loves and living deaths in the slave galleys of the pirate rovers? A dozen weavers of whimsical tales are at hand, Locke, Ibanez, Mason, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Treves, Anatole Sir Frederick France, etc.

WE are still in this Ligurian land but a step from the campaigns of Hannibal, the red raids of Barbarossa, and the tortures of the Inquisition. A few years ago there still lived old fishermen at Menton who had slaved in the galleys of the Algerian pirates, whose long and purple gaieties were ended by the British tar—one of our many forgotten services to France and to humanity. Only last month there was a real witch trial at San Remo worthy of the darkest ages. A white hen's liver is pierced with pins, etc., etc. Lights go out when the alleged witch appears, and so on.

J. GALBRAITH HORN

An Excellent Number

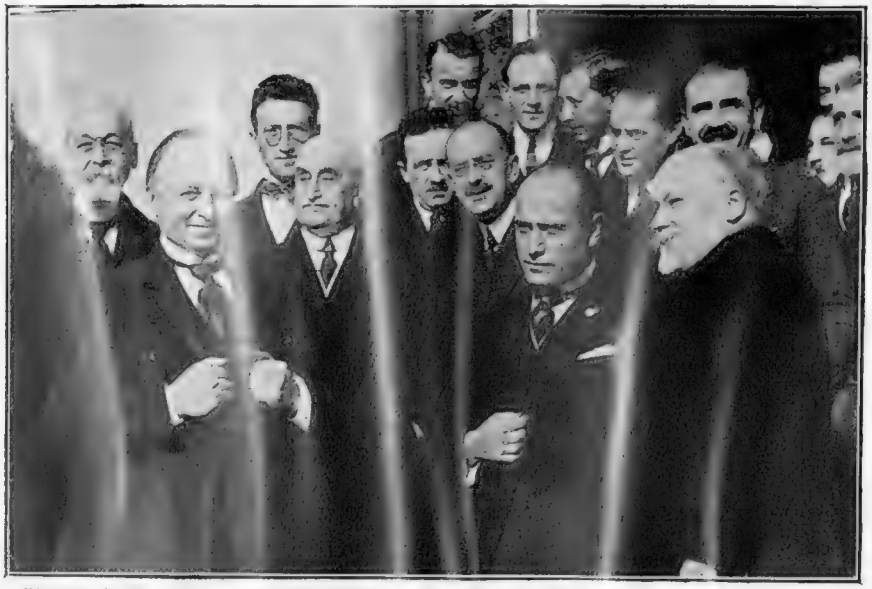
THE current issue of the *Graphic* is wonderfully attractive. Naturally, the general election is treated very comprehensively. A most striking map in colours, issued as a supplement, shows the results at a glance; and there are many pictures of incidents and a whole gallery of portraits. The 500th anniversary of the Society of Lincoln's Inn is commemorated in about a score of pictures of the group of interesting old buildings at Chancery Lane. Under the general title "People I Know," Mr. Hannen Swaffer this week has for his subject Sidney H. Sime, the artist, of whom and his remarkable work he gives a most intimate and characteristically readable account. Mr. George F. Morrell very vividly explains diagrammatically the causes of the disastrous earthquake in Chili.



Photograph *James' Press Agency*

SOUTH AFRICA'S GOVERNOR AT A GARDEN PARTY

H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, Governor-General of South Africa, with a guest at a garden party he gave at King's House, Durban, and which was attended by all English society folk there. Now the cold winds have set in here, people are swiftly migrating to this fogless clime

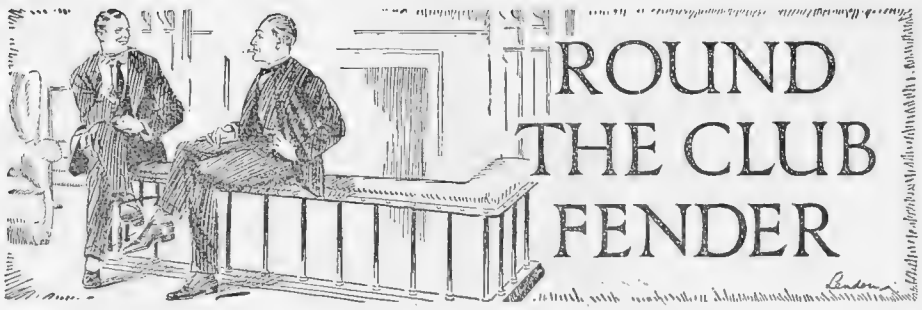


Photograph] **MINISTERING TO TURKISH DELIGHT** *[Keystone*

The Marquis Curzon of K[illegible]leston, M. Mussolini, Italy's Fascisti Premier, and M. Poincaré on the steps of the Hotel du Châ[illegible]u at Lausanne, after a morning conference between Turks and Allies

Riviera Pearls and their Setting:

No. 2. NINETTE OF NICE



ROUND THE CLUB FENDER

BY "ANTHONY"

THE Prince of Wales' accident has not interfered with the keen interest he takes in public affairs, but has sadly spoiled his recreations. His Royal Highness never plays cards, and seldom reads fiction, preferring to pass any spare time he has in more vigorous pursuits.

It is particularly aggravating for the Prince to have had this mishap at the beginning of his first season after a year abroad. So far he has had no real opportunity of trying out his new quarters or forming an opinion on the merits of the "provinces" compared with the "Shires." However, he is now, happily, once more back in the saddle.

COLONEL SIR B. E. W. CHILDS, who has been acting chief of Scotland Yard since Sir W. Horwood's unfortunate mishap, is an old Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantryman. He was Adjutant of the first battalion some fourteen years ago when they were at Gravesend. In those days it was not usual for the Army officer to work as hard as he does now. Lieut. "Fido" Childs, as he was then, was the exception; he was seldom out of his uniform and always on parade or in his office. The years have rolled by, and to Colonel Childs have come many honours and high appointments, but through it all the keen personal interest he took in the welfare of the N.C.O.'s and men of his old battalion when he was adjutant has remained. He is a regular attendant at "Old Comrades Association" concerts and other regimental gatherings.

Colonel Laurie is another soldier turned policeman. He was formerly in the Scots Greys, where no doubt he developed the eye for a horse that has made our mounted constabulary the best horsed body of men in the world.

I HEAR rumours of a lively stunt planned by some young "lights of the town" for the Three Arts Ball on December 7. Last year an impromptu diversion was created by an amateur jazz band which paid a flying visit to Covent Garden—"some visit" it was, too. In private life the members of this band held positions which I can only describe as exalted; however, their disguise was so good no one recognised them.

The London Clubs always provide strong followings for such parties as the Victory Ball, the Ypres Ball (on the 30th), and the Three Arts. At these gatherings the most forlorn bachelor has always a chance of finding a congenial partner and friend.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

VAUDEVILLE VAGARIES

The "Front of the House" Man

A NOTABLE feature of the new Parliament is the number of future members of the Upper House who are trying a preliminary canter in the Commons. Lords Ednam, Apsley, Windsor, Sandon, Titchfield and Erskine are all successful Conservative candidates. J. J. Astor, the new Member for Dover, was a noted athlete in his Eton and Household Cavalry days. He was unhappily so badly knocked about in the War that he can't do much more in the racquet courts, one of his favourite games.

Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Member for Lindsey, used to be known among his friends a few years ago as the Great Western Railway. This was on account of a smoking suit, for which he had slippers to match, made from the same colours as were used for the Great Western Railway carriage cushions.

A candidate, who is a well-known racing man, was taunted by Labour agitators with his fear of a capital levy. He replied that his chief objection to the idea was the difficulty of exacting the levy fairly. How, for instance, he asked, was anyone to tell how much should be deducted from bookmakers? After which he had an attentive and respectful audience.

SINCE they moved into Knightsbridge barracks, the Foot Guards have got a very good officers' mess. The Household Cavalry have always used their mess, whether at Windsor, Knightsbridge, or Regent's Park; whereas the Foot Guard officers have never had the custom of using a mess in the way that line regiments do. In consequence, as it was so little required, the accommodation for officers at Chelsea and Wellington Barracks has never been very good.

After the Election—

BY H. M. BATEMAN

—Irrespective of Party

MAKING HIS MARK

When Binks was moved to take up golf at the age of fifty-two,
He took it up because it seemed the natural thing to do,
So he bought some "sticks," and hacked up divots, and paid for lessons galore,
Till at length they gave him a handicap—the limit—of twenty-four!

Day after day he sought the links with a dogged, determined air,
And a mind made up to do or die (and which he didn't much care!);
But he didn't improve as other men did; as a matter of fact his form
Grew worse and worse, while his language—well, it was more than a trifle warm!

His drives were always pulled or sliced—unless they were badly topped;
His brassie shots were a tragic sight as they bumped, and jumped, and flopped;
With iron and cleek he was equally weak, his approaching, too, was dud;
While his putting was such that it soon "released" a terrible verbal flood.

But though a "rabbit" of deepest dye, there was one part of the game
At which he shone from the very first and won undying fame—
However he foozled through the green as he struggled towards the goal,
There was never a doubt that Binks was "plus" when he got to "THE NINETEENTH HOLE!"

E. L. ROBERTS

By ELSA COURLANDER

MRS. BROWN MISS FIRES

Canvasser: "I'm sorry we didn't get in, Mrs. Brown"

Mrs. Brown: "It's my opinion, Miss, we women 'aven't ever properly 'ad the vote. Last election I voted for the Conservative, and 'e didn't get in. At this election I voted Liberal, and 'e didn't get in, either. I shan't give meself the trouble of voting again"

BEFORE—AND AFTER

Before the election our candidate's wife,
Whenever we met in the street,
Would stop and declare 'twas the joy of her life
Such friends of her husband's to meet.

If your baby was there sitting up in his pram,
She would say, "Let us go for a walk,
I am *so* good with babies, I honestly am,
I'll wheel him a bit while we talk."

She would kiss him and call him "a dear little mite,"
And chat to my wife like a friend
On the high cost of living, her husband's great fight,
And how it was going to end.

We elected her husband all right, and to-day
We encountered them both in the Square,
And my wife and I thought she'd have something to say,
For the pram with the baby was there.

But she brushed past us quickly, avoiding my eye,
And I heard her with anger explode,
"What a *nuisance* these brats are; I cannot think why
They do not wheel prams in the road!"

W. HODGSON BURNET

Racing's Lucky People

BY "THE TOUT"

At the end of the flat-racing season, Lord Woolavington is to be congratulated on heading the list of winning owners, with Lord Derby close behind him. Alec Taylor once again leads the trainers, and Steve Donoghue retains the jockey championship

Snowflakes

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

A SKI IN CHAMONIX

The ERRANT MOTORIST

By Dell Leigh

Illustrated by Cuningham

"In France"

I MAY say at once that I did not in the least desire to go over to France to see my French friend, Potaufeu, break his neck. Because I like Potaufeu. Also, I am one of those insular people who cannot at any time feel really comfortable outside the watery boundaries of his own country. And, as regards France, although, of course, I learned French quite decently at school (I can remember our French master, Frog Face, with extreme clarity) this was sometime ago, and I am a bit rusty. Also, I find the French people as a nation rather deaf. I mean, one has to raise one's voice to make oneself clearly understood. Moreover, the man in the street in Paris has a distressing habit, when I address him carefully in quite passable Parisian, of looking searchingly at me, head on one side, mouth open, and at the end of my monologue saying, "*Comment, monsieur, je n'ai pas compris?*" And then I have to begin all over again. It wastes so much time. However, I am rather glad I went on the whole. I feel I have been through an ordeal requiring if not pluck, at least poise, and have come through it, if I may say so, with—er—commendable *aplomb*.

Potaufeu is one of those fascinating fellows who is perfectly at home in any European capital. He has quantities of money (I believe his father manufactures motor horns, and so must be very rich) and is always in the van of the latest sporting enterprise. He came rushing up to me in the Silence Room at the club, and said in an ecstatic voice, "*Mais voilà, nom de Dieu!* ze very man! You will come to Paris on Saturday, yes, no? *Mais oui.* I am competing in the great race. Me. I insist. I have a car—ah!" He blew a kiss into the cloistered air of the Silence Room in a most indelicate manner. "But *some* car, *diablerie!*"

I said nothing would induce me to come to Paris yes, no. And did he realise he was waking everyone up?

However, he prevailed upon me in the end. You know what these Frenchmen are—all tornado and superlatives. Sweep you off your feet. His guest, of course, at the Meurice. "Everything that is of the best, *mon cher*. Three days, and nights, of the most exquisite." And then more of this questionable kiss-blowing in the outraged presence of at least one member of the committee.

I should not see much of him, it appeared. I was glad of that in a way. Except at night—and then.

"But you will see what you will see. Is it not so?"

I supposed it was. You never know.

He was going over, by air, the next morning (no, thank you), and I followed, faint but pursuing, in a gale-swept Channel boat.

One arrives at the Gare du Nord, very late, on one's last physical lap, as it were.

And here the Paris taxi-driver takes you to his bosom.

There is something wrong with these highwaymen of the Paris streets. They are at war with all the world. My man nodded sourly to me at the arrival platform, and on my saying "Hôtel Meurice" in my best manner, adding, as a precautionary afterthought, "*mais allez doucement je vous en supplie*," he slewed round in his seat and eyed me silently with a grim antagonism. So I left out the supplication, merely repeating Hôtel Meurrrice, getting a beautiful roll on the r.

"A—ah, Le Meurice—*parfaitement*."

But I had already said so.

He concluded with a rat-trap "*allons y alors*." And I feel certain he licked his lips. For we proceeded on our dance of death, while I clutched the swaying sides, hoping for the best and fearing the worst.

There are only two kinds of pedestrians in Paris, the quick and

"We proceeded on our dance of death"

"THE ERRANT MOTORIST" (*concluded*)

the dead. Furthermore, luck, and the *Code Napoléon*, are both on the side of the motor-driver in France. For if you are run over and maimed for life you pay a heavy fine for impinging your cursed carcase upon the high-road. The liberty, equality, and fraternity is the monopoly of the motorist. But for the user of his flat feet there is always *le crématorium, parbleu !*—what would you ?

Potaufeu sent a deputy round for me in the morning. He himself was practising speed tests on his auto round parts of the course ; the corners, one gathered. The deputy seemed to take a sudden fancy to me, which I much deplored. He made me sit behind in his roaring Dégoutant car which he had brought round to the Meurice, and persisted in talking volubly to me about the merits of Potaufeu as a racing motorist. I would have been glad to have heard all this in the right time and place. But he chose the thickest parts of the boulevard traffic to turn a friendly face rearwards from the steering-wheel and impress upon me, with a wealth of detail and gesticulations, that Potaufeu was "*bien fort comme automobiliste, vous allez voir, Monsieur.*" Personally, I preferred to take all this as read, and begged the favour of a seat beside him. But no. The back seat was, apparently, the place of honour, albeit of execution.

The part of the Cercle whereat the deputy wished me to take up a hazardous position was some distance outside Paris, and thither we gyrated at a speed of knots, in company with several hundred other motor-racing enthusiasts. To be a successful speed merchant in France you must also be something of a musician. The thing to have, of course, is a hooter that can make its presence felt above the din of progress. When you come to what they call an *Arrêt des Autos*, usually a railway crossing with a saturnine driver leaning out of the cab of his huge engine, sucking the remains of the garlic from his fingers, you proceed to terrorise him into action, so that the gates may be opened and the race continued. You thereupon begin to hoot upon your super-horn. All the other cars behind you and ahead do likewise ; maledictions on the ancestry of the engine-driver are screamed from fifty throats, and the engine-driver himself, highly pleased with his own importance, opens his exhaust valve in a sudden frenzy of *joie de vivre*, and everyone feels he is having his money's worth, full measure, pressed down and running over.

If the French Government is at any time reckless enough to introduce a speed-limit to motorists there will be a bloody revolution. I can imagine nothing more calculated to rouse the fighting instincts of the French to fever-heat than to be bound by law to reduce their speed to, say, twenty miles an hour when passing through congested areas. It would be unthinkable, *effrayant*.

"A point of honour to get back to Paris first"

I forget the exact title of the speed contest in which Potaufeu flirted with death. It was the Cercle du Concours des Automobilistes Internationales, or something of that sort. Frightfully difficult to get absolutely right at night, when Potaufeu has done with you. But whatever it was the deputy backed the Dégoutant carefully into the wings of another from the same stable, in a field by one of the "big" corners ; and I was perched upon a stone wall, thanking heaven I was not a life insurance underwriter. I was told that Potaufeu's number was thirteen, and again I thanked heaven about the underwriting. There was little possibility of seeing anyone for dust and small stones. The French racing motorist is, of course, the living symbol of the survival of the fittest in that he has lived long enough to become an actual racer. This was borne in upon me forcibly when two of the competitors skidded into one another on the blind side of our corner and partially wrecked their cars. By blind side I mean blind from the point of view of approaching competitors. While the *débris* was being cleared away by delighted spectators these two did a lightning change from racing motorists into cross-talk comedians, with much semaphore signalling of arms and high falsetto adjectives. It was great fun. Potaufeu did not win. He had a couple of rounds instead with a partisan spectator at one of the petrol-filling stations, and was disqualified by the enchanted crowd for bumping and boring.

During the drive back to Paris I became almost crazed by terror. French motor-racing enthusiasts having *watched* motor-racing all day become, for the nonce, embryo competitors themselves. It is, apparently, a point of honour to get back to Paris first, at all costs. At the cost of tyres, dogs, railway gates, old women, brick walls at hairpin corners, and the bonnets of approaching cars. I set my teeth, fought down the sickness, and held on, thinking of all my past sins and the bills my executors would grumble at paying.

The deputy dropped me (blissful moment) at the doors of the Meurice, trusting he had not made me late for any appointment I might have made—no ?

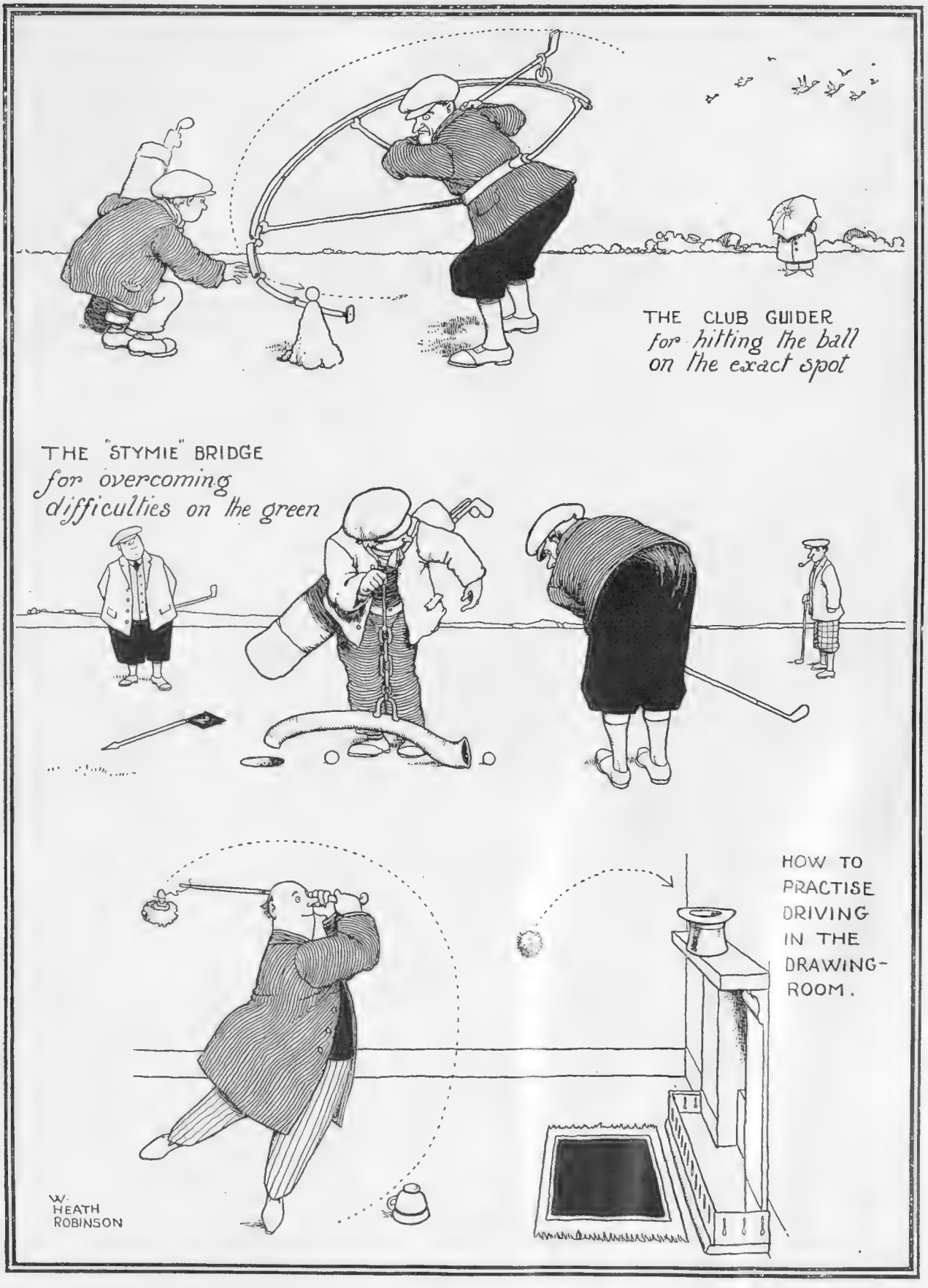
Ah ! but the Dégoutant was not what she was—*ah, non, alors !* She was old. Weary. If Monsieur Leigh could have accompanied him last year, when they crossed the Alps together, she and him. He would have been enchanted at her speed, enraptured.

Well, we will let the poor fellow foster his delusion.

He is not long for this world, anyway.

D. L.

More Golfing Notes by W. Heath Robinson



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NOVICE

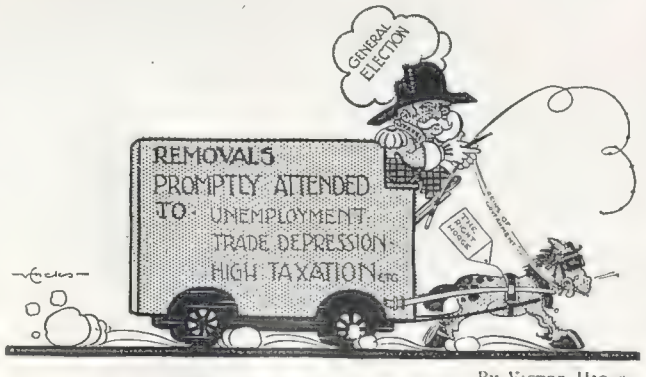
Business *v.* Sport in "Soccer" Football

THE AMATEURS' ONLY WAY OUT

THERE was something quite amusing about the chorus of surprise and astonishment with which the scratching of the Association football match between Plymouth Argyle and the Corinthians was received by the daily Press. For what on earth was there to be surprised or astonished about? The facts are quite simple. Plymouth Argyle are members of the Football League; the Corinthians are the leading representatives of amateur "Soccer" as played at the 'Varsities and public schools, and the match was to have been played on their new ground at the Crystal Palace. The Crystal Palace Club—a League Club, like Plymouth—had a league match on their ground at Selhurst, about two miles off, against Barnsley, and they feared that the counter-attraction of the Plymouth Argyle *v.* Corinthians match would have an adverse effect upon their "gate." Accordingly they protested against the holding of the match, and the League ordered the Plymouth Argyle Club to scratch it. The League is all-powerful, and the clubs under its control dare not disobey its mandates.

THAT such things can be is deplorable enough, but it only *surprises* those who fondly and foolishly imagine that considerations of sport are ever allowed to interfere with considerations of business in professional and League football, which is just a huge industry, and run as such on strictly commercial lines. With the League clubs it is business first, foremost, and all the time. One sees this well illustrated in the statement made by Mr. Goodman, the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Club. He tells us with a commercial candour which is quite refreshing that he can see nothing to make a fuss about, and that his club only did what was necessary in order to safeguard its business interests. "We sent our protest in the usual course," says he, "and the League had nothing else to do but ban the match."

I AM not concerned for the moment with subsequent developments in connection with this incident. It is sufficient for my purpose that it has happened, and that so far from being surprised at its happening I was expecting it to happen sooner or later. "It is absurd," says Mr. Goodman, virtuously, "to imagine that we have any feeling against amateur football." Quite so. And yet he should in fairness have added, "But when amateur football interferes with our football business it must take the consequences." As soon as the Corinthians and other amateur clubs find their feet, as they are beginning to do, they will encounter organised opposition to their activities at every turn.



WE SINCERELY HOPE SO

By Victor Hicks

ONLY a little while ago I wrote (in another publication): "Amateur Association football will never flourish as it should unless it succeeds in maintaining an attitude of absolute independence and proves itself strong enough to be self-supporting." The sentiment in the light of subsequent events is worth repeating. Football as a business and football as a sport cannot exist under the same management. This is obvious enough as long as you keep the fact firmly fixed in your mind that there is no real sport in football as a business—only a counterfeit presentment of it. Nor is the discovery a new one. It was made before the War, and it resulted in the formation of the Amateur Football Association. The movement did not prosper, not because the cause was not a righteous one, but because it was badly organised, and because those entrusted with the management of it did not foresee, and were unable and unprepared to cope with, the consequences of the "split" which inevitably followed. They seemed to think that they had only to secede from the Football Association and that after that things would right themselves. They did not realise that the struggle for existence was going to be harder still. How they have since had to come back beneath the yoke that they had thrown off is a matter of history.

THE public school and 'Varsity amateurs are now the fifth wheel of a coach whose drivers have no use for any of them except those who are good enough (and willing) to play as amateurs in the ranks of the professional teams, and, as we have just seen, they must not be allowed to interfere in any way, if it can be prevented, with the business side of the game. Is this good enough? Emphatically it is not. Have we not further proof of this in the number of schools which are giving up "Soccer" and taking to "Rugger" or hockey? Football as a business is right enough in itself; incidentally, it provides entertainment for hundreds of thousands of the King's lieges, but just because it is a business—and one of the biggest businesses in the country at that—it has put a stranglehold on football as a sport which, if it does not ultimately kill it, will always rob it of any real vitality. Another bid for freedom must be made. It is better for amateur "Soccer" to face the test whether it is strong enough to stand alone than to continue its present somewhat downtrodden existence.

H. S. S.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY BLAM AT CANNES

FEEDING THE "MOUETTES" AT CANNES

BETWEEN T

BY HOWARD E. ELCOCK

THE LINES

BY LENDON

A HALT FOR ADJUSTMENT

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ALONZO AND THE INEVITABLE

BY EVERARD CHEYNEY

It was entirely obvious to everybody who knew Alonzo McTavish that he would eventually end up as a guest in one of His Majesty's prisons. I do not suggest that this knowledge made Alonzo any less popular with any of his rather peculiar friends. It was not so much carelessness as an innate lack of caution which contributed to his downfall, assisted possibly by a slight absence of discrimination where the female sex were concerned.

It happened like this. Alonzo was sitting half-way between the American Bar and the vestibule at the Hotel Splendide pondering on the extreme difficulties of life. He had a distinct personality, a well-cut suit, three and sixpence, and the remains of a black eye which had been "issued" to him the night before at a faro game in Soho, over a little matter of a disputed five pound note. These assets—for Alonzo got the five pound note, together with the black eye—and a consuming ambition constituted his stock in trade.

In the Turkish bath, to which he had resorted after the Soho affair, and when the *masseur* was reducing the eye to more or less normal proportions, it had seemed to Alonzo that something *must* turn up. This was no doubt due to the soothing influence of the bath, the *masseur*, and several whiskies and sodas which Alonzo had imbibed, but now that the Bank was down to three and sixpence, and no possibilities in life—except the unconsumed portion of Johnny Walker immediately to his left front—the optimism of the early morning had given way to unexpurgated gloom.

Then, all of a sudden, came the unexpected ray of sunshine, the oasis in the desert, the daffodil on the proverbial cabbage patch—Alonzo saw, out of the corner of his eye, that in the doorway which leads to the grill, and regarding him with no small amount of interest, was a most wonderful specimen of femininity. Tall, lithe, and with that *chic* which comes only with faultless taste, she shed a radiancy over the sombre soul of Alonzo like the first Sunshine of a winter day.

She studied him intently, then turned, and walking away returned in a moment with a well-groomed man of about thirty who was quietly invited to study Alonzo, which he did. This worthy, after an endeavour to compose his features in a manner reminiscent of brains and beauty, waited. The atmosphere told him that something was going to happen.

It did. The gentleman casually walked across to Alonzo, touched his elbow, and spoke:

"Excuse me," he said, "but I believe you are Captain Gervase Lewis."

"Am I?" said Alonzo. "Of course, you surprise me. My memory always was a bad one, but . . ."

"And, of course, still is," replied the other. "Stephanie, your cousin, recognised you immediately she saw you. We've been looking for you for years. Ever since your terrible experience during the last year of the War when you lost your memory and disappeared, she has been certain that we should one day see you. She was not exactly sure, but directly I saw you I knew you at once. You don't know how awfully happy everyone will be now that we have at last discovered you."

Alonzo thought quietly and methodically. He was Captain Gervase Lewis, apparently—or at least, very like him. He had lost his memory, and everyone would be awfully glad to see him again. He remembered the three and sixpence, and that decided him. "Tell me some more," he said. "My mind seems so remote at the moment, so obscure you know. I seem to recall Stephanie somehow, somewhere, but it all seems very dim."

"Of course, it is," said the other. "My name, you know, is Eric Lewis. I'm Stephanie's brother. After you disappeared your father became very ill. Your mother's death upset him awfully, and he did not long survive her. You are, of course, his sole heir, and it has seemed awfully strange that in spite of all the trouble and money we have spent in trying to discover you that we should find you like this. However all is well now.

"My suggestion is that you should put up with me for a day or two, and then I'll take you down to the old place and you can meet the others. How will that do?"

Alonzo turned his chair round and looked at his newly found friend with that frank, open countenance which has endeared him to many, and caused the bankers clearing house infinite trouble in returning dishonoured cheques.

"You know, Eric," he said, "I can't tell you how glad I am—as a matter of fact, I was down to my last three and sixpence—but I know you will see me over that little difficulty until we get the estate settled. What pleases me most, however," he continued, "is seeing Stephanie again. I seem to remember her more every minute."

Lewis laughed. "Yes, you two were always great friends. Look here, grab this tenner as a temporary measure, and join us at lunch. Steve will be so happy." He rose, and led the way to the restaurant. Alonzo, following, permitted himself a quick glance in an adjacent mirror, and another at the charming girl who was awaiting them at a secluded table.

"Clicked," he murmured.

. . . . . .

Alonzo often had reason to remember that lunch, and the halcyon afternoon that followed. At three o'clock, after his second liqueur brandy, he was perfectly convinced that he was Gervase Lewis, mainly because, as he pointed out to me afterwards, Stephanie would have been so awfully disappointed if she had realised that he was not.

In the region of four o'clock, Eric Lewis found that he had an important engagement and so gave

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"ALONZO AND THE INEVITABLE" (*concluded*)

Alonzo the opportunity he desired of being alone with Stephanie. They found a quiet little tea shop in Piccadilly, off the beaten track, and a little table in a corner. It was quite a little while before either of them spoke. The tea arrived, and Stephanie poured it out with a hand which seemed to Alonzo to tremble. Suddenly she put the teapot down.

"Gervase," she said, "have you forgotten that afternoon at the Wyndhams?"

"I'm afraid I have, Steve," said Alonzo. "Tell me about it. Was it interesting?"

The girl smiled. "It was rather," she said. "You asked me to marry you!"

Alonzo took a grip on the arm of his chair. "Did I really?" he said. "And what did you say?"

She looked at her plate. "I said yes," she murmured, "and, Gervase, you can't imagine how awful I felt when I heard that you were missing, and then that you were badly shell-shocked, had lost your memory, and disappeared. You can't imagine what a terrific jump my heart gave, when I saw you at the Splendide this morning."

Alonzo, gulped some tea. It seemed like sacrilege to be sitting there listening to the inmost thoughts of this beautiful creature, who had mistaken him for her lost lover. Alonzo rather wished that he had left the whole thing alone.

He looked up. Stephanie was regarding him wistfully out of a pair of blue eyes. "Well, well, Steve," said he, "its all right now, isn't it?"

The conversation broke up with the appearance of Eric. "Look here, people," he said, "I've an idea. Let's do a show and a dance afterwards to-night. We haven't a lot of time, so I suggest that Gervase and I change at my rooms at the Splendide. This will enable me to keep an appointment there in half an hour. Stephanie's staying with her aunt in Park Lane," he explained to Alonzo, "so she will go there and change, and can come back to us at the Splendide. I can fix you up with anything you want in the way of clothes."

Alonzo cheerfully agreed, and, having paid the bill with his brand new ten-pound note, they left the teashop. Outside, Eric called a cab for Stephanie. It was just moving off when she called them to the door. "Eric, could I have my pearls to-night? I haven't worn them for such a long time," she said, "and I should like Gervase to see me wear his gift."

"Surely," he replied. "They're in the safe at Pont Street. The only thing is I can't very well get up there to fetch them, and also keep my appointment at the Splendide—unless . . ." he turned to Alonzo. "Look here, old thing," he said, "would you mind going along to Pont Street and getting Steve's pearls? They're in the safe in the study, on the second shelf. Here's the key. Tell the butler that you are Gervase Lewis, and that you want Miss Lewis's pearls. He'll show you where the safe is."

Alonzo took the key, and after bidding *au revoir* to Stephanie and Eric set out for Pont Street. When he arrived he rang the bell, and gave the butler the message Eric had given him.

The old butler was very surprised. "Excuse me, Mr. Lewis," he said, "but I am glad to see you back again. Miss Lewis hasn't been the same since you disappeared. You have altered, too, sir, but I expect this is due to your sufferings in that terrible prison camp. Come this way, sir, if you please."

He led the way to the study. Alonzo opened the safe, with a little difficulty, and took the oblong pearl case from the second shelf. He opened it and stood admiring the beautifully matched string of pearls, as they nestled in the white velvet case. A fortune lay in his hand, and Alonzo had never been so tempted in his life. How easy it would be for Gervase Lewis who had already lost his memory once to lose it again and disappear. Then the remembrance of Stephanie's wistful blue eyes rose up before him, and he shut the case with a snap.

"I hope we shall be seeing much more of you now, sir," said the butler, as he closed the door after Alonzo.

McTavish, keeping temptation well behind him, hurried back to the Splendide, and handed the pearls over to Eric. His clothes were laid out and he commenced to change. Eric was already dressed.

"Look here, old boy," said he "I think I'll take these pearls along to Steve, and bring her back here to dinner. I shan't be long. Oh, by the bye, Steve has sent along a note for you." He handed Alonzo an envelope and disappeared.

Alonzo tore open the note and read:

My Dearest,

I was so afraid when I left you this afternoon that something might happen to part us. If by any chance some such calamity should occur, will you meet me at the Splendide in two years and six months from to-day, at four o'clock in the afternoon? Please remember that there will never be anyone else in the world but you. Destroy this.

Ever your own, Stephanie.

Alonzo stared at the note in amazement. What did it mean? What could it mean? However, he would ask Stephanie when he saw her.

Half an hour passed, then an hour, then two, but there was no sign of Eric. Alonzo paced the room greatly disturbed. Eventually he wandered down to the Hotel vestibule, and regarded the evening crowd. The newsboys running past the hotel were calling a special, and he sent a page out for a paper.

There seemed to be no news of importance, until his eye caught the Stop Press column. He read:

DARING JEWEL ROBBERY

A daring coup, remarkable for its coolness, was executed this afternoon at the Pont Street house of the aged Miss Lewis. An individual bearing a resemblance to Mr. Gervase Lewis who disappeared last year—and who was found last week—called and informed the butler that he was sent to fetch Miss Lewis's pearls. He opened the safe with a perfect key, coolly examined the pearls, and left with them. There is no clue.

Alonzo showed the paragraph to the reception clerk.

"Pretty cool that," he remarked. "Tell me, what sentence would he get if they got him?"

"About two years I should think, sir," said the clerk, smiling.

"Two years," murmured Alonzo. He remembered the note from Stephanie . . . "will you meet me in two years and six months from to-day . . .?"

He got his hat and wandered out into Piccadilly. It was evening, and two wistful blue eyes seemed to smile at him from the dusk.

"Well I'm damned," said Alonzo.

Everard Cheyney.

War Wounds Slowly Mending

BY HELEN McKIE

RESTORING THE DEVASTATED TOWNS OF NORTHERN FRANCE

(1) Workmen on one of the old houses in the Grand Place at Arras. Many of the picturesque houses of the 16th century were partially destroyed, and great care is being taken to preserve as nearly as possible the original pattern of decoration. (2) The new Lens. The whole countryside is a mass of new houses—everywhere the work of rapid reconstruction is in progress; but among the new buildings are still seen the marks of war—disused huts, ruins, unused shells and barbed wire, etc. (3) Planting new trees along the roads where nothing but the dead stumps of the old ones remain. (4) In one of the old sleeping huts converted into an estaminet, where are always to be seen some of the workmen, a few of the vast army now employed in the work of rebuilding

CADETS v. COUNTY. By "PENDARVES"

It was my privilege recently to see a Rugger match in the good old style. The whole thing from first to last was vividly reminiscent of school days, and a brief *résumé* will, I am sure, appeal to those who have been through it all, and would fain do so again.

Certain Air Force Cadets filled the picture in this instance. Their opponents called themselves Hartingham County (the *nom de guerre*, for such it is, will serve), and were proud and of a high stomach at the sound of it. All the *mise en scène* of the school fight was to hand. The bitterly cold wind blowing inimically across the high tableland of the playing fields; the complete absence of all the theatrical elements of covered stands, clicking turnstiles, and boys shouting "programme, official programme," and the warmth of pavilion fires to keep the prospective players' spirits up. There were no spectators, when I arrived, merely the van of the Cadets' XV shivering in their thin blazers, waiting for the cursed train to arrive, bringing the County folk.

There was not even a ball with which to punt about. It hadn't come. They felt they were going to be smashed to atoms. Didn't this county team take 35 points off them last time they played? Presently the County arrived, escorted from the far-off buildings by the Cadet captain, a very kaleidoscope of brilliant Club stockings and gay mufflers, knitted by adoring womenfolk. But they looked a bit puffy, I thought, men of towns, as compared with these very fit boys. And they had a fat little wing three-quarter who would, surely, not suffer tackling gladly? They were very self-confident and cheery, the one with the other, passing polite badinage about, as they discarded coats and sweaters on the grass. The Cadets disrobed silently, as befits gentlemen going to the scaffold. Until one of the County forwards so far forgot himself as to announce to an indifferent world that, of *course*, he was cold until he could get busy with some of them. Thereupon, standing amongst the Cadets, I heard a fierce whisper or two, and saw a gleam of eye with which I entirely concurred. The Cadets took up positions very quickly after that, and one knew what would follow. The obnoxious forward got the ball almost immediately (he was a fairly good player), and was as quickly flung to earth by three pairs of hands, very viciously. And from that moment the game became the school scrap as of yore. As one might have supposed, had one stopped to think, the so-called County had only a veneer of real football over them. Heavy they were and bustling, with the experience of age. But of tradition and of the good of the house had they none. Wherefore came their rout, and quickly. So that when the Cadets knocked the vereer off by two unexpected tries, the County became rattled and cursed each other, and tackled far more heavily than was needed, and held on to opponents longer than was lawful, or wise as events proved.

Here, amongst boys, pliant, untiring, light, you get the whole tradition of the game, its greatness, spread before you. The immaturity of the football is its charm. So those of us who are "past mark" reflected as we stood agape upon the touch-line, watching the ebb and flow of the human tide. The unconscious humour of the *paterfamilias* of the County team unlocked our set mouths at half-time, when, standing next us, holding a spare jersey or two, he delivered himself of the optimism that his men had not properly settled down, and that we should see, etc.

We did. I am too old a hand at this game to take the bet of "fives," in Bradburys, that he was prepared to lay about them, with the score 18—11 against them; though, as a non-combatant, I would have dearly liked to take some of the County money if nothing else. And towards the end it began to look ugly. The Cadets were tiring, from continual pounding and shock tactics against heavier metal. The score crept up to 18—15, a quarter of an hour to go! The Cadets' coach, a small man, but a great International, sped very swiftly up and down the touch-line mouthing blasphemies. Ten minutes to go, and it had not come, what I was waiting for. The rally. The rally that is inevitable in men, against such men. And then it came, and I wished I had taken the *paterfamilias'* bet, in fivers. It came in the personality of the Cadet captain, who worked the scrum, and fought unsparingly, his jersey now a mere ribbon of a thing. He got away with it. Two tries in rapid succession, in the failing light. And the County cracked, whittered away to impotence and were no more seen. The Cadets, in time-honoured fashion, gave three breathless cheers for the vanquished as they left the ground. That was the height of insincerity, but it must be done. And we all walked home to tea, and lots of it.

The old hand on my right remarked, as we neared the warmth of big fires and buttered toast, that he wished he was young again, as there were certain of their forwards who——

But I cut him short with, "*De mortuis*—old chap."

"Yes," he said, chuckling, "p'raps you're right."

Here and There with Hounds and Horses

Photograph *Alfieri*

COLONEL AND MISS MIDDLETON

Two regular supporters of the Old Berkeley at Chalfont Station a while back. The Old Berks is hunted by Mr. E. T. Tyrrwhitt-Drake

Photograph *W. H. Morgan*

LADY CHESHAM WITH THE BICESTER

The wife of the Master of the Bicester, Lord Chesham, with her only son, the Hon. John Cavendish, at the opening meet at Waddesdon. Lady Chesham secured many first prizes at the shows this year with her horses

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MASTER OF THE EGLINGTON—THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS KATHERINE LOWNDES (mounted), AND MRS. GEOFFREY LOWNDES AT THE OLD BERKS' MEET

Fog has not worried hunting folk or prevented hounds going out on their appointed days, London only being the chief victim of the yellow pall. The Marchioness of Bute, who is seen at Dalrymple Village, Ayr, has taken over the Eglinton this season from the Earl of Eglinton, and has been hunting hard with her pack, and giving members the best sport possible

Produced on 19th September

BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a play of great acting. Miss Sybil Thorndike in her portrayal of a wife who has stooped to folly, makes a most intense affair of it. She gives us the very hysteria of emotional acting; but it is none the less a brilliant performance. The story originated in France, so that we may pretty well guess the course it will take. As has been said, they manage these things better in France. Charlotte Fériol has for years been a faithful wife and a devoted mother, and it is therefore a little difficult to believe that she could suddenly have become madly infatuated with a bull-necked tenor as a result of his perfectly lovely singing. They say these throaty vocalists may always be relied upon to cast an irresistible and disastrous spell over our impressionable ladies; and in the same breath they gird at us for not being a musical nation. We may have our reasons!

THE story opens in the Casino Gardens at Luchon, France. Charlotte Fériol is there with her husband and children, and she seems to be the ideal wife and mother. Then the singer drifts upon the scene, and finds Charlotte alone. We are led to infer that this is by no means the first meeting of the two, and that the worst has already happened. After a good deal of preliminary kissing and hugging, the singer comes down, as you might say, to brass tacks. He desires to inform Charlotte that financially speaking he is down and out.

HIS father has stopped supplies, and a jeweller who has hitherto been lending him small sums of money has now heartlessly declined to pay out any further sums on so doubtful a security. He then admires a beautiful diamond ring that Charlotte is wearing, and his admiration is clearly based rather upon its commercial value than upon its glittering loveliness. So Charlotte gives him the ring, and he at once runs away and pawns it; and a little later on he raises further loans on the security of Charlotte's good name. The singer is called Artanazzo and his first name is Carlo. It seems to me it should have been—Alphonse!

WITH the second act we come to Monsieur Fériol's villa near Grasse. Monsieur Fériol is a grower of flowers for making perfumes, and the action of the piece is a good deal delayed by the singing of the flower-pickers, who, like most of the toilers of the South, would far rather sing than work. But the singing is designed to give a clear impression of the idyllic happiness in which Fériol

lives with his wife Charlotte and their two children. By contrast Charlotte's nervous uneasiness is all the more emphasised. Her husband has received a letter from a man named Artanazzo who wants to see him. Charlotte learns this, and fears the worst. She pleads with her husband to take her for a walk, instead of staying at home to interview this man; and she gets false messages sent to him designed to lure him away, so that he shall be out of hearing when Artanazzo calls. Charlotte has recovered from her mad infatuation of a moment. She no longer loves the fellow. She is now only afraid of him.

IN the course of her devices to prevent the interview Charlotte becomes nervously incoherent, and then all but hysterical. But she cannot prevent her husband from seeing Artanazzo, and when the man calls and is conducted to her husband's study, she visualises all sorts of impending disasters. She listens at the door, and reckons that by now Artanazzo must have told his story; now Monsieur Fériol must be about to rise from his seat and come and call her the horrid woman she knows herself to be.

I DO not remember having seen before any acting so powerful as that of Miss Thorndike in this scene. Her nervous state of apprehension was so perfectly conveyed to us that after a while every start she gave was shared by the audience. Indeed, after a while I began to be afraid that I was about to be found out myself, although I need hardly say that I am a model of innocence. Charlotte is, of course, a mere tyro in sin, and, as the French say, it is only the first step that costs. If she had been a hardened offender she would have known that a gallant does not usually call upon the injured husband in order to inform him of the disaster that has happened to him, as such a course would undoubtedly give rise to an extremely heated debate, and, apart from the complications of the law, the gallant would probably receive a good hard slap.

ARTANAZZO has called on Monsieur Fériol under false pretences. He affects to be a dealer in fertilisers below the current market rates. In this way he obtains admission to the house in the hope of having an interview with Charlotte. That hope is duly realised. As soon as he is able to meet her alone he begs her to be assured that her secret is quite safe with him, as it well may be. Furthermore, to show that he is above such a crime as blackmail—and the demonstration would appear to be a necessary one—he returns to Charlotte all the letters and photographs she has sent him. He apologises in tones of anguish for having pawned her ring and having borrowed money in her name; but he insists that this sort of thing only happens when he is really hard up, and that with a turn of his luck he may be able to repay what he owes her. This part is most ably taken by Mr. William E. Hallman, whose broken English is most consistently spoken all through. Even when, in a high state of nervous tension, he is enlightening Charlotte concerning the terrors of poverty, the strange musical accent is always there. But, of course, Artanazzo's plea of justification leads him only more deeply into the morass. The last thing a lady

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

wants to hear from the god of her idolatry is that he is down to his last bob and is liable to be kicked out of his hotel as a vagabond with no visible means of subsistence. It sort of knocks the romance of the adventure all sideways.

BEFORE Artanazzo came to return the compromising letters Charlotte had consented to his arrest as a blackmailer. Now that she is no longer afraid of him she tries to countermand the order for his detention. But it is too late. He is arrested and taken to Paris for trial, and Charlotte is subpœnaed as the principal witness for the prosecution. She continues her wild and almost superhuman efforts to keep the truth from her husband. At first she says she will not go to Paris. She does not want to prosecute Artanazzo. On the other hand, if she refrains from prosecuting him, then she must admit that her letters to him, produced in court, were a spontaneous tribute of affection.

IT is some such complication as this that she finds herself up against. Then there is Monsieur Parizot, who owes a lot of money to Charlotte's husband. To oblige her he goes to Paris and arranges that no names shall be allowed to leak out during the trial. Charlotte then causes a telegram to be sent to herself calling her urgently to the bedside of her invalid mother. Monsieur Fériol, with proper sympathy, decides that she must go to her mother in Paris at once. And then, as a matter of curiosity, he rings Charlotte's mother up on the telephone and finds that the old lady was never better in her life. Oh, what a tangled web we weave, et cetera, et cetera.

ABOUT this time Monsieur Fériol not only begins to smell a rat, but, in the language of the immortal Boyle Roche, he sees it hovering in the air and decides to nip it in the bud. He makes the most of the hold he has upon his debtor, Parizot, to drag from the man a confession as to Charlotte's destination in Paris. That she is going to meet a lover her husband never doubts. Fériol calls his wife down and summons his mother and the children and the servants so that he may shame Charlotte before them all and then push her off the premises with unkind abruptness. But at the last moment he changes his mind, as well he may, since he probably realises that he is only likely to bring ridicule on himself by his procedure. The change is quite unexpected, and the changed direction of Fériol's wrath comes a dramatic surprise at the end of the third act, and brings the curtain down to noisy applause.

MR. LESLIE FABER gives a convincing performance as the unhappy Fériol. The play is one of contrasts in emotions, and Mr. Faber's subdued tones in the first two acts impart all the more force to his outbreak in the third. Miss Rosina Filippi gives a quietly beautiful performance as Fériol's aged but by no means infirm mother; and Mr. Lewis Casson doubles the parts of a garrulous Admiral and of M. le Préfet with great success. The acting throughout is on a very high plane indeed, but we must take our hats off first to Miss Thorndike. JINGLE

America Is Here

MISS JESSICA BROWN OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

America thinks we want more cabaret, so we are going to have more cabaret, and this beautiful girl in the silver gown will lead a chorus of twenty lovely ladies at the new Grafton Galleries Club, which to-night, the 29th, opens its doors, inviting all London to bite, to dance and to—er cabaret. Produced by Mr. Jack Haskell, let's hope it will be better than other cabarets we know of

"One-pound Fishers worth just a bit more than eleven bob"

Blanchette on Tranquillity

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November 27*

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY is a sort of an air of "tranquillity" about things, isn't there, now that feverish election affair's properly over and done with, and put away into the already almost forgotten past? And

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The captains and the kings depart—

quite lots of 'em, anyway, 'cluding Winston (just off to Rome to get over it) and a Minister or two of divers colours. But

> Things like that, you know, *must* be,
> After a famous victory.

Or defeat, 'cording to which of the sides you may happen to have been on.

NOTHING like now, of the great struggle that shook us to the core and thrilled us to the bone, 'cept just the explanations. Still explaining it away, I mean, those of us who lost, and 'splaining why we won and how we always knew we would, if we did. Even golfers do that sometimes at some length, don't they, for quite a whole evening after a match? And being, of course, infinitely and utterly more important, the politicians and people naturally, and of course, take lots longer over it than *that*, what?

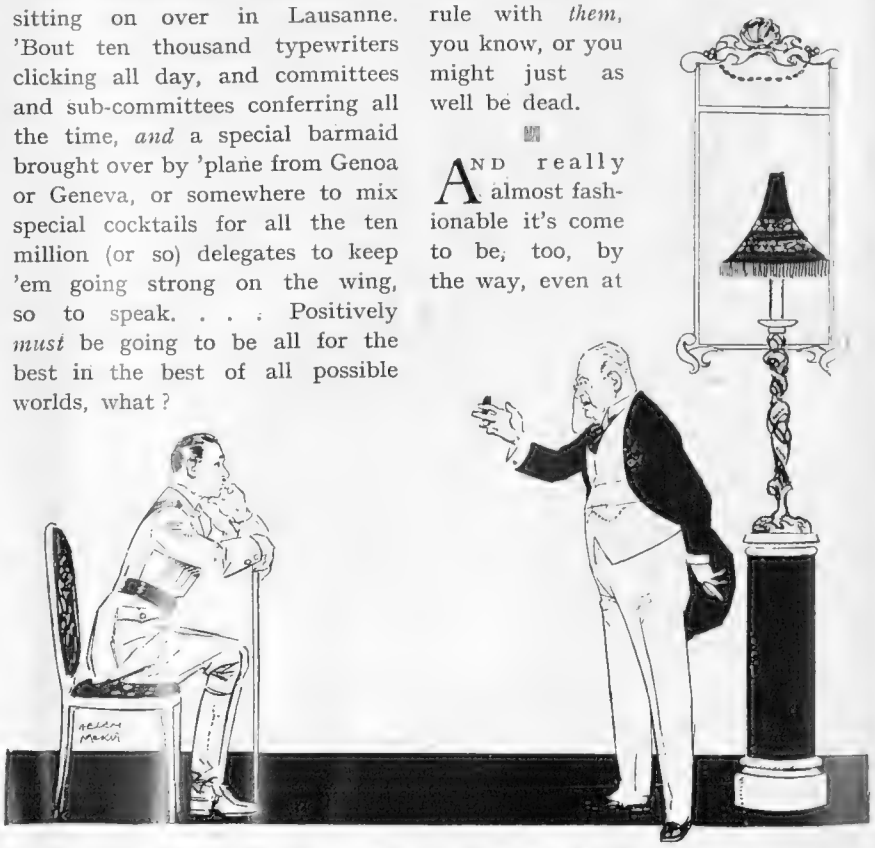
SIMPLY heaps more talk, by the way (have you noticed?) from the men than the women, though we *did* only get a solitary couple in, out of a whole thirty-three. Just shows, doesn't it, how we've always been misjudged and misunderstood? But after all, with a great Conservative wave on, how *could* you expect the poor dear timid, terrified voters really to go in for anything even moderately *new*? Just you wait till next time, that's all.

RATHER nice, though, the kind of *settled* feeling there is around, just for the moment, anyway, spite of upheavals in Hunland and our daily crisis in the Near East, that they're so busily buzzing about, and solemnly and seriously sitting on over in Lausanne. 'Bout ten thousand typewriters clicking all day, and committees and sub-committees conferring all the time, *and* a special barmaid brought over by 'plane from Genoa or Geneva, or somewhere to mix special cocktails for all the ten million (or so) delegates to keep 'em going strong on the wing, so to speak. . . . Positively *must* be going to be all for the best in the best of all possible worlds, what?

AND, meanwhile, everything getting every day more and more post-war, not to say pre-warrish, here in London now. People shopping away gaily, for one thing, with a sort of Christmas-is-coming feeling, and a kind of comforting idea that, anyway, *something's* bound to be done soon now about getting taxes and things down. And making our alleged one-pound Fishers worth just a bit more than the mere paltry eleven bob or so that I b'lieve the experts say is all they run to this moment as ever is.

SUCH lots of nice things there are to buy these days, and already quite a lot cheaper or, anyhow, seem so—only as, of course, one buys more of 'em, p'raps it doesn't come to so very much less in the end after all. And must always be *right*, mustn't you, whatever happens? Wear your furs short, f'rinstance, and your frocks long—start early and end late is the new rule with *them*, you know, or you might just as well be dead.

AND really almost fashionable it's come to be, too, by the way, even at



'Explaining why and how we won'

dances and restaurants and theatres and places—that little bit of red ribbon round your arm, to show you've bravely done your duty and faced that horrid little needle without a quiver, quake or qualm. Though, of course, it isn't always *really* and truly the arm . . . I mean, I *have* heard . . . well, anyway, couldn't very well tie it round *there*, could you?

SPITE of which little troubles though, ours really *is* rather a nice little tranquillity, ours is. Lots of nice theatre shows to spend it in, f'rinstance, 'cluding that d'lightful *Snap* at the Vaudeville, that at least one person I know's been to at least seven times—and hopes to go seventy, if spared. Don't know really which I like best—Cicely Debenham as a ballet dancer and a *prima donna* (with suitable—er—protuberances) and a stage dresser with views about how "Us women is weak, but there's no reason why we should be a mat with WELCOME written across it," and lots more as well. . . .

As for dances, they seem to be coming along thicker and thicker (like the fogs), especially the great public ones. A "Perfume Ball" this Wednesday, *par exemple*, at Devonshire House, where I went to a very charming "Rainbow" one last week in that ancient former domain of the Toriest of Dukes. All for the London hospitals, they are, and got up by Miss Evelyn James, who's so well known for her Red Cross work. And a St. Andrew's Eve Ball at Claridge's same night, and next night the Ypres Ball at the Albert Hall, for the Ypres League.

BUT biggest of all in the immediate offing, of course, is the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden on December 7, where, 'sfar as I can see, simply everybody's going that's anybody at all, 'sides quite a lot that aren't. All sorts of well-known and 'stinguished people running it, like Princess Bibesco and Lady Headfort and Augustus John and Lady Tree and Lady Alexander and Fay Compton, and all sorts of prizes for frocks and (I'm told) a quite nice supper, not to mention dear old Corelli Windeatt's restful band. . . . All helps to make for tranquillity, doesn't it?—not having too much of the jazz touch in the music, I mean.

"The Three Arts Ball"

YET another of our reactions, you know, that is—like going back to the Conservative fold, and other pre-war ideas that a year or two ago even we'd have thought had been finally and completely placed among the back-numbers and the has-beens for ever and ever Amen. Positively and at last we *have* got tired, I do b'lieve, of the Jazz idea, and all it sort of stands for. Noises, alarums and excursions, big bangs on kettle-drums, clinking, clanking cowbells, and all the rest of it. And not in dancing only, either.

WAR shook us up so, didn't it, and p'raps post-war even more? All the best of our young men, alas, gone West, or, anyway, most of them—and after all it is the *young* who set the fashions even if it's the old who govern us, isn't it? And then, in their place, a motley crowd of profiteers and Dagoes and heaven-knows-whats, while our own people were still "licking their wounds," as they say, somewhere in the background. . . .

BUT now I really do think they've more or less finished tramping their noisy way across the stage and off it . . . Faded out, one by one, as the new generation of Englishmen has grown up strong enough and big enough to push away, with one heave of their British shoulders,

The Portuguese,
The Armenians
And the Greeks—

(as those quite too utterly delightful Duncan sisters put it) whom we've been letting collar and annex for so long, and so much too long, so many of the best things. *Vive la tranquillité!*

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph] A. T. YOUNG GETS BUSY FOR CAMBRIDGE *[Sport and General*

In their "Rugger" match against Blackheath, in which they were beaten after leading at one time by 8 points to 0. Young, a Freshman, was Blackheath's scrum half before he went up to Cambridge and has already been given his Blue. He is here seen "gathering" the ball which has been heeled to him by the forwards

Photograph] HALF BLUES ACTUAL AND POTENTIAL *[L. N. A.*

Of the Oxford University Hockey Club, which bids fair to have a very strong eleven this season. Left to right, back row: C. L. Hawker (Keble), E. A. Winnington-Ingram (Keble), E. D. B. Leedam (Ch. Ch.), R. C. Allen (Queen's), B. F. H. Maturin (Queen's), Sir J. L. Hanham, Bart. (Magdalen). Front Row: R. C. Summerhayes (B.N.C.), G. MacDonald (Balliol), D. H. Scott, Capt. (Balliol), C. B. Fairbanks (Keble), C. N. R. Kirkpatrick (Ch. Ch.)

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE TWO FIRST MEN HOME

In the cross country race between Oxford University and the Surrey A.C. N. A. McInnes (Oxford, left) beat J. Shaddick (Surrey) by 100 yards. Oxford won with the lower score of 25 points to 30

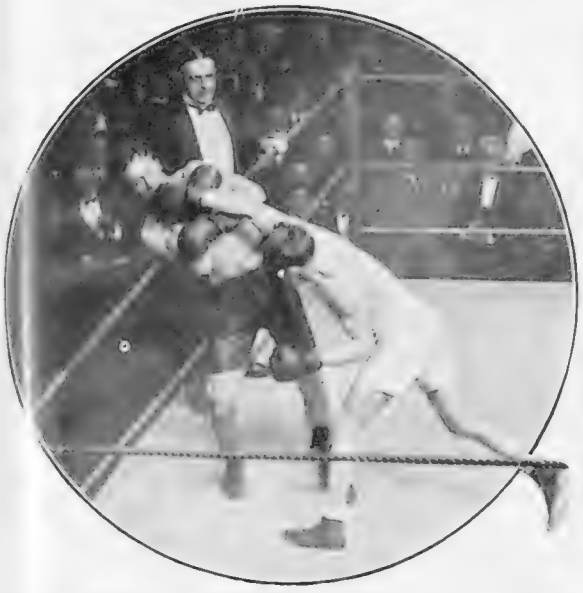
Photograph] THE LONDON SCOTTISH AND GUY'S HOSPITAL TEAMS WHOSE RECENT ENCOUNTER

Even though Guy's were not by any means at full strength for this match the winning of it was a great feat on the part of the Scottish, whose previous form had J. du Toit (G.), W. Orsmond (G.), E. E. Neser (G.), R. K. Macroberts (Capt. S.), J. B. Risk (S.), P. K. Albertijn (G.), N. M. Holloway (G.), F. G. Hutchinson (G.), J. H. L. Miller (S.), J. G. Van Schalkwijk (G.), Sir J. Wood (S.), J. Lindsey (S.), C. S. Clarke (S.), G. Rennie (S.),

Photograph *Topical*

NEAT, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH

The Cambridge University "B" crew photographed in the course of their lock to lock trial last week. Though they began well the row was a disappointing one, and the "A" crew which did a similar trial on the same day, stroked by H. W. Shuker who stroked the winning trial eight last year, turned out to be a good deal faster, with the result that the two crews have since been re-shuffled with apparently satisfactory results



Photograph] **LEWIS BEATS TODD** *[I.B.*

n the match for the British Middleweight Championship. The icture gives a good idea of the aggressive methods of Lewis who as adjudged the winner on points, though many reputedly good idges among the crowd thought that the verdict should have gone the other way

Photograph] **PROMINENT GOLFERS IN THE NEWS** *[Sport and General*

George Duncan and W. T. —better known to fame as "Bombardier Billy"—Wells chattir g together at the Fulwell Club. Duncan, last week, with a round of 69, established a record for the Wembley course, and W. T. Wells was second in the Croydon and District Golf rs' Alliance foursomes, in which he represented Merton Park with the professional, A. J. Miles, Foxgrove. E. H. W. Scott and H. C. Jolly (pro.) were the winners

SO WELL ILLUSTRATED THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF "RUGGER" *[H. V. Clow*

not be very convincing. Left to right: C. S. Bongard (the referee), D. L. Grant (Hon. Secretary of the Scottish), C. S. Duncan (S.), A. Grant (S.), P. G. Harvey (G.), J. W. Finnemore (G.), W. H. Meissner (G.), V. W. Percival (G.), L. Nurick (G.), C. L. Steyn (G.), T. Eckhoff (G.), W. Roper (G.), A. C. Brown (S.), E. J. N. Wallis (S.), R. M. Stordy (S.), J. D. Smith (S.), E. T. Scott (S.), J. T. Macpherson (S.) and W. H. Anderson

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Just So-So

UP to the present sport with hounds has been pleasant rather than brilliant. For the most part scenting conditions have been on the moderate side, so that riders have not experienced great difficulty in keeping in touch with hounds, which is, perhaps, just as well with horses scarcely at their fittest in the first few weeks of the season. In the Shires enjoyable entertainment has been afforded. If the fences are still blind, there is the compensation of simply perfect going underfoot. Frank Freeman, Arthur Thatcher and their brother professionals in the Midlands have yet to register a really great run. But tip-top sport will surely come, for the leading packs are better than they have been at any time since the end of the War, and there is certainly nothing wrong with the quality and supply of the foxes. All that is wanted is a vein of serving scent with which to drive them along, and possibly that will have arrived before these lines appear in print.

Back to the Saddle

THE Prince of Wales gave his damaged leg a trial with the Badminton last week, and was nothing the worse for the experience. Fortunately, hounds were able to run with plenty of vim, and the Prince saw some capital sport not far from Easton Grey. This was his first day of regular hunting this season, and many more enjoyable outings are in store for him. On the whole, the Badminton packs have been doing rather better so far than those in the Shires, and already Lord Worcester has strengthened his reputation as perhaps the cleverest of our young amateur huntsmen.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

A FAMILY GROUP AT NEWMARKET

The Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton, with their daughter, Miss Nancy Lambton. The Stanley House stables have gained several successes lately, notably Selene (winner of the Liverpool Cup), and three other winners for Lord Derby

Get These

A NUMBER of sporting publications have reached me lately. One is *Baily's Hunting Directory* (Vinton and Co.: 10s. 6*d*.), of whose praises there is, surely, no need to sing at this time of day. Long since this annual firmly established its place as the guide, philosopher and friend of all interested in the Chase; indeed, the wonder is how we managed without this mass of information before *Baily* was first published. Another production of great use to hunting people is the *Hunting Diary* (S. B. Vaughan: 3s. 6*d*.). This is remarkably good value, being full of the right sort of matter, well illustrated and splendidly got up. It possesses its own special features, notably the excellent diary section. From the British Percheron Horse Society comes the first volume of its *Stud Book*. Mr. A. W. Hewett is to be congratulated upon this handsome compilation, in which the evolution and expansion of the Percheron race is interestingly traced not only in England, but in France, America, and Canada.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Off-Season

THE last flat-race of the season has been run. Until the Lincoln comes round again we shall have no more big handicaps to worry about, and that at least is a relief, seeing how deplorably the favourites were knocked about in them this year. Most of the trainers and jockeys will be seen no more in the paddock until next spring. Several have packed their trunks for India, quite a number will be seen on the snowy slopes and ice-runs of Switzerland, a few are taking a fox-hunting holiday, while others are off to the Riviera to taste the delights so alluringly depicted in last week's BYSTANDER. Two or three, however, are sticking strictly to business during the winter months, notably Frank Hartigan, who is among those who find as much to do during the jumping season as they do during flat-racing.

Different Personnel

FOR the most part, however, different faces from those to which we have been accustomed through the greater part of the year will be seen at Kempton, Newbury, Sandown and the rest of the meetings. It is no longer a question of "What does Alec Taylor run?" or "Is Gilpin's fancied?" Bob Gore, Percy Whitaker, Owen Anthony, Aubrey Hastings, George Poole and the rest of the cross-country community are the men who count now.

New Blood

I AM glad to see that there are plenty of likely recruits to hurdle racing this winter. Lords Derby, Lonsdale, and Queenborough are among those who intend to run their horses under N.H. rules, and it is delightful to find Lord Coventry still taking a keen interest in the sport. The number of gentlemen riders, so sadly depleted by the ravages of the War, is now getting back to the normal. Men like Mr. Filmer Sankey, Captain R. Vivian, Major Doyle, Mr. R. Pulford, Mr. C. Chapman and Mr. Dennis are coming along to challenge comparison with the heroes of the past.

Newbury & Kempton

THIS week's meeting at Newbury will be full of interest, especially in regard to its races for young jumpers. The Novices' Steeplechase on Wednesday may be won by **Marston Moor** and on the following day I expect to see **Groomsport** repeat his Aintree success in the Juvenile Hurdle race. **Madrigal,** too, did so well at Liverpool that he will take a lot of stopping in the Open Steeplechase. At Kempton Park **Flaming Sword** may take the big hurdle handicap on the opening day, while **Portmore** is my selection for the Middlesex Steeplechase on Saturday.

A Suggestion.

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CANINE CHARACTER

PROBLEMS IN DOGGY PSYCHOLOGY. By "THE KENNELMAN"

SKETCHES BY NICHOLSON

WITHOUT exception, all the letters received from readers of these notes (yes, including that of the peremptory lady in Mentone who so far misunderstands me—and Dogs—as to assure me, with a hint of acerbity, I can't mean seriously to suggest that it's harmful to give such little tiny snacks as an occasional chocolate to a Dog, between meals!) are welcome, and to me interesting, if only because they bring touch with different—such very different!—lovers of Dogs.

Correspondents generously say the kindest things about my reply letters; but myself I've an uncomfortable feeling that some of the most interesting enquiries get the least adequate answers.

(By the way, dear flatterers among correspondents, how is it you're able to find "absorbing interest" in every line of these poor notes, and yet to demand by post expressions of Kennelman's opinions on points about which the notes have been repeatedly explicit? My advice—once more—is *no* sloppy food at all for Dogs in health, and, for grown Dogs, *one* good square meal daily, and *one* snack only, such as a bit of dry, hard biscuit; nothing else whatever, except always available cold water. Doggy *joy de vive*—'member Mr. Polly's friend, Parsons?—depends, like a razor's efficiency, on the maintenance of its *edge*. Blunt that, especially where eating's concerned, and good-bye doggy Joy! The keen *edge* is the thing. Its maintenance demands consistent firmness and strength of mind from *you*; and, begad! it's worth all you can give.)

Your young Dog, hitherto affable, high-spirited, becomes moody, suddenly takes to snarling, even to springing at you, as though to bite, when you approach his chair. You have tried ridicule and whacking; he remains impenitent. Or, the Dog hitherto friendly as an earwig with everyone, takes to "going for" tradesmen, or showing terror at meeting certain kinds of folk, or refusing to pass or accompany you to given places. And—what *about* it? you say.

The Kennelman is interested, much interested, but by no means always feels that adequate reply is

YOUR YOUNG DOG

possible—from a distance; and places like St. Andrews, Barnstaple, and Harrogate, all very attractive, I'm sure, are as much outside his present beat as Monte Carlo. I'd be the last to deny that the nervous systems of some pedigree Dogs (especially in some highly inbred strains) are complex organisms calling for much study. (The temperaments of some Hounds and Dogs repay sympathetic study jolly well; more interesting than those of many humans.) But I must admit I've always held one has no right to keep a dog one can't absolutely control. I don't see myself keeping any Dog ever whelped who would deliberately defy me to the extent of flying at or trying to bite me, or—in the absence of grave provocation—anyone else.

I *know* the difference between vice and "nerves" at a glance; but couldn't define it in words. Remember, Dogs are extraordinarily sensitive to reaction where human nerves are concerned. If and when you're subject to fear, don't handle Dogs. You must be firm, fearless, decided, and, above all else, in perfect control of your own temper and nerves. Give no unnecessary orders, and none that is unfair. But when you do give an order you must see it obeyed, if it takes all day. That's essential. Study your Dogs closely; consider them in every way; be sympathetic and kind, as well as scrupulously fair; but—your will *must prevail*. That's part, perhaps the main part, of our responsibility to Dog folk. It's also one reason why keeping Dogs is worth while. It "larns ye," as my assistant truly says; teaches you to order your ways, and see to it that your will—which *must prevail*—is always good will.

Friday of next week (December 8) should be a great day for lovers of little Pekingese—maximum 6 lbs.—for it's the day of the Sleeve Dog Association's Show, at Prince's Hotel, Jermyn Street; rather a posh and jolly place for it. Personally, I prefer 6 to 9 pounds, rather than 3 to 6; but 4 to 6 lbs. Pekingese can be very seductive, even if one utterly bars the 2 to 4 lbs. midgets. The President of the Association, by the way, is the wife of the former Chinese Minister in London, Mrs. Wellington Koo. The Show is open to all, though some trophies will be confined to members. I've a mind to go, if my best clothes are not too mothy, for it should be a jolly and interesting function, right into the hands of lots of regular Bystanders.

A letter just received tells me the recent Show of all breeds of Sheep Dogs at Marseilles, followed by a parade of police Dogs, was a most interesting affair. There's to be a Spring Show (in March) at Saint-Raphael, and one at Aix-les-Bains in mid-summer next year.

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Footbawl

BY FREDERICK PARKER

"Tom dear, why do they cheer when a poor player gets hurt?"
"So the girls can't hear what he's saying"

Sacha Guitry's Black Baby

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"She gave a rendezvous to a famous tenor"

MES AMIS,

OF the most difficult is it, just now, to keep the pace with the new plays which one is called upon to visit. Almost every other night is it that one has to be present at the first performance of a new effort. And as the drawback about the new play is that one is unable to obtain the reliable advice beforehand as to which are the good and which are the bad ones there is the necessity to take the risk at all of them.

HOWEVER, we can generally rely on our *inépuisable* Sacha Guitry not to be a loser, and with his latest adventure he has been as delightful as ever. One has seen the statement that it shall not be possible for this new play of Sacha to be presented in England, because that it is concerned with a black baby. It is difficult to imagine that the question of the "colour-line" can have reached the such acuteness in England — even after the affair of the boisterous Battling Siki —that a farce of the Guitry type could be excluded for a such reason. And if the English censor can agree to the *Cenci* he would have the difficulty to boggle at *Le Blanc et le Noir*.

"The fierce and brutal general"

HARD shall it be for anyone to think of serious matters when to witness the "Black and White," for one is kept in the such hilarity that there is not the time to have the solemn reflections. For much of this one has to thank, besides the author, the delightful Miss Campton, the purposeful English accent of whom is one of the exquisite joys of the performance. One is glad to see again Miss Campton back in the forefront, for she is an actress of quite exceptional merit.

AFTER to have thus bowed gracefully before the radiant *étoile* of the evening, there is the call to tell something of the story. Really, of course, the story is not of the frightful importance. Like many more of the plays of Sacha, the story-framework could be withdrawn after that he has built the incidents and the dialogue around it; and the merriment of the one with the sprightliness of the other would be perfectly adequate to afford the amusement which one has the desire to enjoy.

WELL, the story is concerned with a very jealous lady, so jealous that she achieves the end which is accomplished by the majority of the similarly foolish wives. That is, she drives her husband to indulge in the absences, in order to escape from the "scenes." They have a place at Hendaye, on the frontier of Spain, so that when the nerve-racked Marcel wishes to make the temporary escapes he takes the "business" trips into that mysterious country. This irritates the suspicious Marguerite more than ever.

EVENTUALLY she threatens to Marcel that the next time he shall go she will do him a turn for the bad. He goes all the same. Thereupon does the wife, in the spite, send a *billet-doux* to give a rendezvous to a famous tenor whom she has heard to sing from another room without to have seen. This famous tenor is a black man, but as he keeps the appointment in the darkness Marguerite has no reason to suspect the dusky tinge. The first shock comes to Marcel when a baby is subsequently born, a baby that is black.

"The first shock came to Marcel when a black baby was born"

APPARENTLY, according to the opinion of people who pose as authorities in these matters, Sacha has here made a mistake when he does profess that the babies of negroes are born black. It is the assertion of these authorities that the little negroes when born are *couleur de rose* and that it is not till a fortnight that they assume the ebony tint. However, for the purposes of the play, it is essential that the *petit* shall be enough black

(*Continued on page 636*

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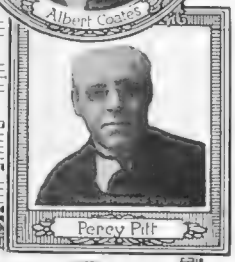

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"SACHA GUITRY'S BLACK BABY *(concluded)*

to provoke the feelings of horror in Marcel, and Sacha could not let a little rosiness interfere with this.

MARCEL does experience the horrors all right, and resolves on all sorts of dreadful things, divorce *y-compris*. But he has the fear that if Marguerite shall see the baby is black she will have a fatal shock and he determines to spare her from this by the despatch of the black baby to a foundling home, where a white one is obtained in exchange. There is an entertaining error here when a baby girl is brought back instead of a boy, but with the aid of the mother-in-law and Peggy (Miss Campton) all the minor difficulties are overcome, and as both Marcel and Marguerite fall in love with the new baby the reconciliation is speedy.

ONE of the noteworthy things which must not be omitted from mention is that not a single member of the Guitry family performs in the play. They are all busy elsewhere, with *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place* and *Pasteur*. They have, however, an excellent company at the Variétés with Jane Marnac and Germain.

"The beautiful wife and the handsome Frenchman"

OF the other new plays, *Le Vertige* has, perhaps, attracted the most popular interest, with its realist portrayal of violent human passions. Like many other pieces which have been a success with the masses, it has provoked the jealousy of some of the critics, who have alleged that it has the lack of quality. M. Charles Meré, the author, has retorted to these critics that he is much more content with the substantial approbation of the public than he would have been by the unsupported encomiums of the little band of critics.

IN the story there is a beautiful Russian woman who is married to a fierce and brutal Russian General, and a handsome young French diplomat who disposes of the brutal General with the unexpected aid of the beautiful wife. Plenty of jealousy and passion and thrill, also plenty of colour; and with André Brulé and Madeleine Lély to ensure that the acting shall be of the first measure, there is little wonder that the public are in financial disagreement with the critics.

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Hymen and Omen

A DISGUSTING NECESSITY.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

SOME of us are born sensitive, some acquire sensitiveness by a painful process, and some have it thrust upon them by a sudden nausea. But however we may be constituted in these strenuous days—by the blessings or the cursings of the gods—none of us can evade the disgusting necessity of calculating the cost of all things. Taxation having become terrific, prices become paramount, and culture is temporarily at a discount.

The minimum price now for a Pope and Bradley lounge suit has been reduced to nine guineas; it used to be twelve. *There is no possibility of this minimum of nine guineas being reduced in the near future—if ever.*

It does not interest this House that other firms charge more or less, for below this price it is utterly impossible to produce a really well-cut and tailored suit of first-class material, and it is only because Pope and Bradley possesses the greatest as well as the most exclusive connection in the West End of London that the price is commercially possible.

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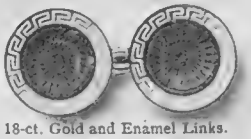

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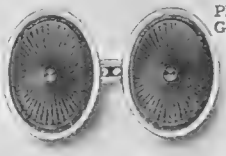

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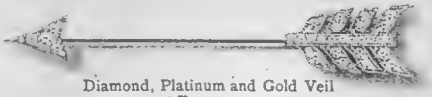

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November 24th

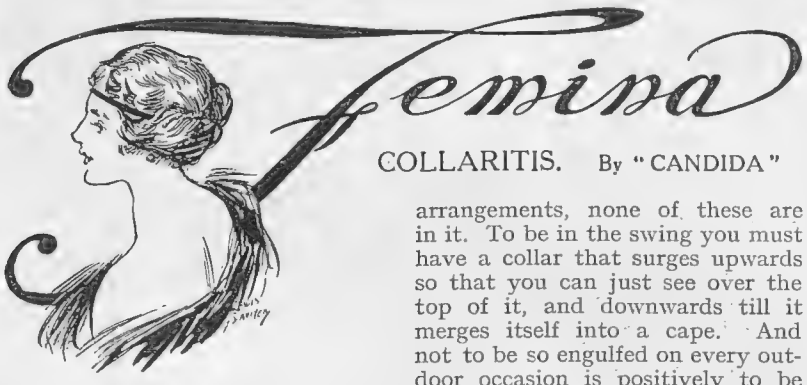
DEAR URSULA: This paper-weight duck had such a pathetic appeal in his eyes that I simply had to buy him. He is white china with a yellow beak and feet. And—

PAM IN PARIS

This wonderful flat pin cushion head hangs on the wall, and is a perfect joy for hat pins. It came from the Maison "Beauté de la Femme," Rue St. Honoré. As the name means, "beauty of women" is evidently their trade-mark. Choosing—

Christmas presents is too exhausting for words. But Paris has such lovely things. The jet and diamond hat pin in the centre I have bought for Cousin Hilda.

PAMELA



COLLARITIS.

By "CANDIDA"

COLLARITIS—it sounds like the sort of thing that people shake their heads over and accept with more or less fortitude. But this complaint, as it happens, need not be taken seriously, though it does affect your feeling for beauty, your sense of discrimination, your idea of proportion, and all that. They haven't noticed it in Harley Street, which is odd considering the number of new diseases that are invented every year. Therefore, you cannot be inoculated for—or is it against?—the fatal microbe. Nobody's immune, except perhaps those fearsome ladies always well to the fore in every movement, with views on everything that's going to happen tomorrow, and clothes that were born shabby the day before yesterday.

I DIDN'T notice how the thing began; one never does. A regular swing of the pendulum it is, as people say when they talk of the reactions that follow as surely as the night the day. Only yesterday we were all collarless; it was considered right and proper to let everybody see as much of one's "marble column" downwards as decency would permit, and it permitted a good deal. And now, Sarah Bernhardt's highest, best-boned efforts, *l'Aiglon's* most enveloping productions, the *Incroyable's* unbelievably fantastic neck arrangements, none of these are in it. To be in the swing you must have a collar that surges upwards so that you can just see over the top of it, and downwards till it merges itself into a cape. And not to be so engulfed on every outdoor occasion is positively to be an unmitigated also-ran.

IT isn't only the "creations" with sable and chinchilla and silver fox by the mile that have taken unto themselves collars of sky-scraping proportions. Every reach-me-down has gone and done likewise, and you've no idea how distinguished rabbit can look, when there's enough of it, and it's just beginning life—a dyed one. But (there's always a but everywhere) fur, though it looks so solid, doesn't wear, and the less you pay for it, of course, the less will it stick to you through thick and thin. The idea of those enormous rabbit collars next March, after a season of "London particulars" and other wintry joys, is not exhilarating. It won't be easy to look distinguished when you've got to live down a collar compared with which an aged area cat would look elegant.

ONE way out of it is to cut down the size. Collaritis is not really becoming, but though there's plenty of jibing it's not having the effect the jibers intended. The way to prolong the life of any freak-idea is to caricature it, and the more you jeer, the more the wretched thing goes down. There's a queer kind of kink in women which makes them side always with the weak and oppressed, even if it's only a collar. And the more men scoff, the more will they cling to the scoffed-at with affectionate cussedness.

BUT this time caricature hasn't much of a leg to stand on. However fantastically one may exaggerate a collar on paper the design will still be within the limits of wearability; wearability, that is, as we see it at present. Imagine the hopelessness of the jiber's situation. He draws you an enormity, and it's taken seriously by all the smart women in town. He intends to jest heartlessly at your expense, and the joke turns out to be no joke at all. Discouraging—isn't it?—when you want to amuse the world, which proves, of course, that women have no sense of humour where clothes are concerned, at any rate not till long after the event.

WELL, well, there's consolation in everything, if you know where to look for it. Now that collars can't grow any bigger, presumably they'll get smaller once again, and we'll wonder how we ever managed to survive such an avalanche of fur. And it's no use regretting that it's impossible to keep one's judgment unimpaired and one's outlook sane. When a thing is *it*, no matter how ugly it may be, you look at it with a sneaking sort of admiration. You can't help it. First your eye is offended, then it condones, then it can't do without the thing, and at last everything else seems ugly in comparison. I've said everything unflattering there is to say about those collars, but I would no more wear a coat that didn't have an extra big one than I would go without my dinner for a week. That's the worst of fashion; she's caricature-proof herself, but she makes caricatures of us all.

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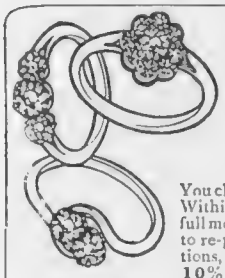

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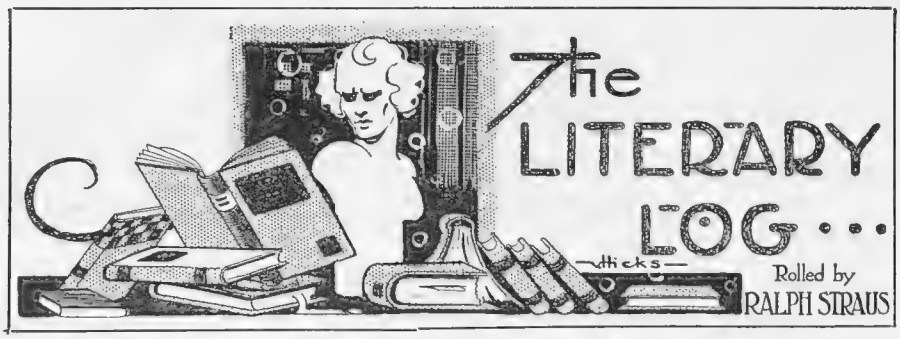

MR. CHESTERTON'S heroes are like nobody else's. Father Brown, you remember, was a Catholic priest, but like no other Catholic priest who ever existed. Mr. ex-Justice Grant, of *The Club of Queer Trades*, of which, by the way, Messrs. Collins have just issued a new edition in their admirable half-a-crown library, was like no other judge on the Bench. And now Mr. Horne Fisher, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), stands entirely by himself,

HE really *does* know too much, not only about things, but about people, highly placed people, and as an amateur investigator of crime he becomes mixed up in a series of crimes which are like no other crimes that were ever committed in fiction or anywhere else. He knows that the rich Jenkins, for instance, cannot be a real *parvenu* because he is *too* like a *parvenu*. He knows that Prince Michael did not shoot the policeman from his tower, though the policeman who came to arrest him did. He knows why a schoolboy disappeared from an underground crypt where a religious relic was being so badly guarded, and he knows that there is no reason why a man should not commit murder because he happens to be England's Prime Minister. Unusual, yes, but it *might* happen. And Mr. Fisher can blackmail people without, as it were, being a blackmailer. Also, when it is necessary, he can commit murder himself without being a murderer. His adventures, in fact, together with two or three other mysterious yarns, make up an extraordinarily entertaining book, of which you read every word slowly in order to avoid the possibility of missing some very good thing.

AS a mere story Sir Philip Gibbs' new book, *The Middle of the Road* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), follows somewhat conventional lines, but as a study, rather pessimistic, perhaps, of post-war conditions in England and Ireland, France, Germany and Russia, it is a thrilling document which leaves you a-tingle. The hero, an ex-officer out of a job, is torn between two ideals, that more tranquil one sometimes known as the Diehard, and that other more upsetting, more uncomfortable, even more passionate one which belongs to what is now called The Left. Bertram Pollard has married an Earl's daughter, and finds that it is not always easy to keep to the middle of the road. Just now, too, tragedy is rampant in Europe. The author's pictures of the various countries to which Pollard, separated from his wife, goes, are set down in cold, biting words.

THERE is, by the way, a tiny mistake in the book, to which I would not draw your attention were it not for the fact that the author is usually so accurate in the small as well as the great things of life. One of his characters goes to the Bath Club for a game of Real Tennis. Well, he is certainly luckier than most members of that admirable Club. There are only five real tennis courts in London, two at Queen's Club and one each at Lord's, Prince's Club, and Hampton Court. When a second edition is required I suggest that squash rackets, now a most popular game, be substituted for the older *jeu de paume*. R. S.

Photograph *Vaughan and Freeman*

A DANCING COUSIN OF MR. SEYMOUR HICKS

Miss Dorothy Coxon, a cousin of Mr. Seymour Hicks, the well-known actor, is a dainty ballet dancer. At the moment she is appearing with Lopokova in the new Russian ballet, "The Masquerade," set to the music of Mozart, which is being presented at the London Coliseum for a three weeks' season

A Gentleman of Leisure

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN is a clever novelist; he has style and he has depth, and he gives you a story, which in the excitement of writing so many of these professional penmen forget. *Piracy* is a detailed history of Ivor Pelham Marlay from the morning on which he was sacked from his school for having broken into the masters' houses, smoked their cigars, drunk their port, locked their doors, and left the keys in such obvious positions that they were never found till new ones had been cut, until another morning some fifteen years later—a morning, mark you, of 1 a.m. and milkman's hours—when he encountered Pamela Star, plumber's daughter and heiress to a world's wealth. During those fifteen years there had been beautiful Magdalen Gray, "a lady of quality," and a little war with the loss of an arm and also a car, and later Virginia—Lady Tarlyon, wife of Lord Tarlyon (presumably pronounced Tarlyon), a woman with dark eyes like sentinels and beautiful, unwomanly lips, so taut, so dry . . . and little full breasts and twin-gold curls, gay "Swan and Edgar" curls. Magdalen was married, and Virginia was in her second husbandhood, but Magdalen's male discovered lost lands, taking a long time in their discovery, and Virginia just ordered her car and drove away, so that Ivor was not hampered in his piracy. Ivor would have been—indeed, I'm not sure he wasn't—a prig, but superficially he was shy, and although Mr. Arlen does not tell you so, I think it must have been this conscious reserve which made these two unusually attractive women immerse themselves in his very ordered existence. The first real climax commences around and about page 130, yet a clever book, satirical, too, and having much of humour in it, a book that reads well and looks well on your shelf, being upholstered by Collins in black and red for the sum of seven and six. RICHARD VINER

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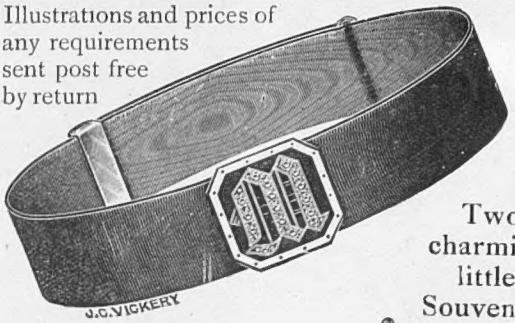

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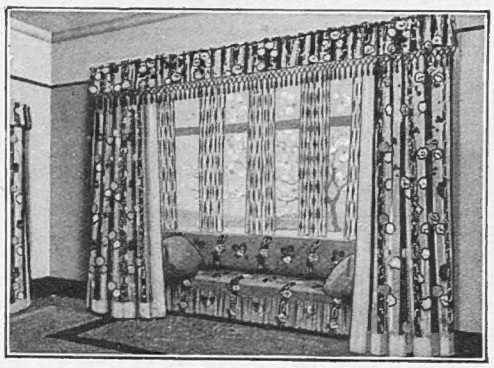

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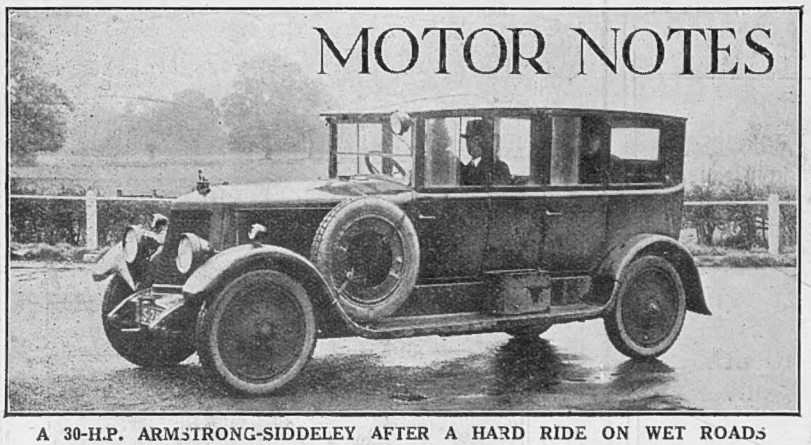
MOTOR NOTES

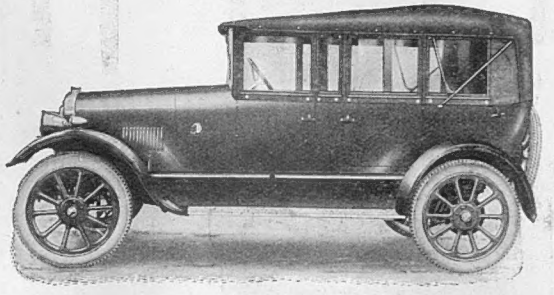


A 30-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY AFTER A HARD RIDE ON WET ROADS

With all the reduction of prices that the Motor Show catalogue revealed, I note that no sooner does the bar come off manufacturers from making price alterations during the exhibition than down comes the figures of those makers who find that their rivals are undercutting them. Which only shows that there are still motor-car makers that will not work on the strictly cost plus a certain percentage of profit basis, but just sell their cars for as much as they think they can get the public to pay for them. Of course, with the fluctuation of the exchange and the present rate of francs to pounds sterling it is not surprising to see that Citroën rates have been reduced, though English-built coachwork is fitted on the 11.4 h.p. model. Which reminds me to ask why is it that with a duty of one-third invoice value the 11.4 h.p. Citroën four-seater with the French-built *de luxe* body only costs £265, while the English-built four-seater, with the identical chassis, costs £330? It would appear that our English coachbuilders either ask for a bigger profit or cannot build as economically as their French *confrères*, if figures count for anything. Then Minerva chassis have been reduced £100 in price, also, I suppose, because the Belgian franc is down. But, there, why speculate on the reasons of any of these changes? Bonar Law is in, and the motor trade looks forward to sell cars on a rising market.

By the way, did you get caught in the fog? I did, but, fortunately, had one of the Allen-Liversidge auxiliary spot and fog lights on the car, and drove miles with its yellow rays focussed on the curb and ditches by the roadside, so escaped through it at a gentle amble of about fifteen miles an hour. Which was not so slow, considering the way the other traffic loomed up suddenly all over the road while I kept a perfectly straight course. I think at this time of year all vehicles ought to carry a swivel lamp like this Liversidge spot light, which is not expensive to buy, is entirely self-contained, and does not take current from your battery, which is a most important thing when one has to travel slowly and possibly not fast enough to charge from the dynamo. To those motorists who visit the Motor-Cycle Show at Olympia this week I strongly recommend them to visit this Allen-Liversidge stall and buy one of these spot lamps if they are not already provided with this safety fog device. At this exhibition, also, is the C.A.V. complete dynamo lighting set for motor-cycle and side-car, which includes a tiny dynamo, 3⅛ inches only in size, yet repeating all the vital features of the larger machine. Also a neat arrangement of switchboard for fitting to the top tube of any motor-cycle, which also houses the dynamo cut-out and charge indicator, is to be seen on the C.A.V. stand in the gallery. I noticed, too, that aluminium

(*Continued on page 644*)



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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

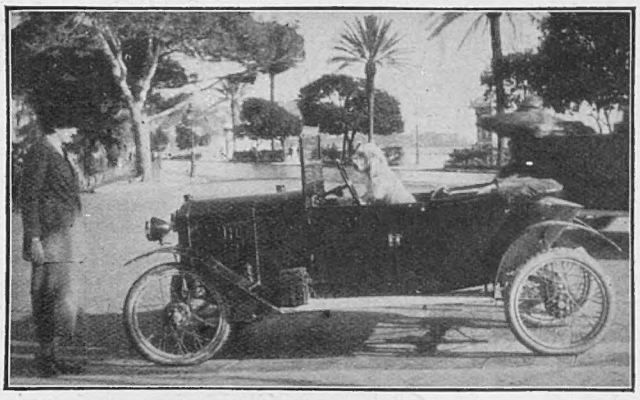
containers for batteries on solo machines and in self-contained down-tube fixings for side-car outfits were also shown here, while a combination of C.A.V. dynamo and coil ignition is fitted on the larger engines of single "flat" and vee-twin type. So fashion follows car example in cycle ignition.

* * *

One of the outstanding machines of the Motor Cycle Exhibition at Olympia is the Harley-Davidson, and a few weeks ago I had the opportunity of giving one of their 7-9 h.p. *de luxe* combinations a personal trial. Speed and rapid acceleration are the outstanding features of these American bicycles, and with the special twist-grip throttle you can develop your speed from five to fifty within that number of yards, which, when fighting through turgid masses of packed traffic, is very useful. Their electrically equipped model gives you ignition, and stores electricity for lamps and horn, the storage battery furnishing a certain spark when starting up and also for the small headlight and tail lights when the machine is left standing. The electrical system is thoroughly weather-proof requiring a minimum of attention. The V-type, twin-cylindered, high-speed engine develops about 16 h.p. when fully extended, although its official designation is 7-9 h.p. Even at fast speeds the engine is remarkably quiet, and, stationary in traffic, ticks over with the quietness of a car. Lubrication is automatic and English designers might well take a tip from the efficiency of this oil distribution. Clutch controls have all the facility of car design and control of the machine generally is eminently flexible. Harley-Davidson is the certain bike for the speed-man.

* * *

After twenty-five years of useful life the Royal Automobile Club celebrates its foundation by Mr. Frederick R. Simms by a banquet at Covent Garden Theatre on Friday, December 8, at 7.30 p.m., followed by a special entertainment. To mark the occasion the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs has asked that it may hold its annual meeting in London for the first time in its history—Paris being the usual place—and the delegates representing the ruling bodies of motoring in every part of the world will be present. The chairman of the Club, Sir Arthur Stanley, G.B.E., C.B., will preside, and the principal guest of the evening will be his brother, the Earl of Derby, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Secretary of State for War, who will make a presentation on behalf of the Club to Mr. Fred R. Simms, its founder. Ladies will be present at this function, which is almost a state affair, as full decorations are to be worn, and every motorist of note is sure to be present. But for tickets and other information in regard to price of the boxes, where the male guests can dine—alas! the fair sex is only permitted to arrive after the feasting at 9.30 p.m.—application to the genial Secretary, Sir Julian W. Orde, addressed to the R.A.C. will bring full particulars. But as the accommodation is strictly limited prompt application is necessary to avoid missing the function of the motoring year. Old Hy.



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2. "HOLIDAY HAUNTS" GUIDE for 1922, containing list of Hotels, Boarding Houses, Apartments, etc. Price 6d. or by post 1/3.
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FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager.*